The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1923 No. 3008

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 229
EDITORIALS:
More Newspaper Cannibalism 232
The League Revives Austria 233
The Way of the Translator 233
"H. W. M." and the London *Nation* 234
BILL BORAH AND OTHER HOME FOLKS. By Annie Pike Greenwood 235
A LESSON IN SOLIDARITY. By Phil E. Ziegler 238
THE ROOTS OF ANTI-SEMITISM. By Horace M. Kallen 240
FARMERS FIRST. By William Hard 243
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 244
CORRESPONDENCE 244
OF GLOW-WORMS. By Dorothy Wyckoff 245
BOOKS:
A Survival. By Don C. Seitz 245
Genevieve Taggard and Other Poets. By Mark Van Doren 246
Sewer and Turnpike. By Herbert W. Horwill 246
A Flippant Critic. By H. L. Seaver 248
Ervine's Impressions of His Elders. By Katharine Sergeant Angell .. 248
DRAMA:
The Two Schildkrauts. By Ludwig Lewisohn 250
MUSIC:
Joseph Stransky Resigns. By Oswald Garrison Villard 251
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Fomentations in Poland. By A. G. W 252
How the Jews Fare in Russia 253
The Hungarian Siberia 254

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT ERNEST H. GRUENING
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR JOHN MACY, LITERARY EDITOR

IRITA VAN DOREN, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON ANATOLE FRANCE H. L. MENCKEN
FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK
CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

AT Gelsenkirchen a German policeman stopped a French automobile which had no lights. The French soldiers in the car fired upon the German, shooting him in the neck; he later died. Meanwhile other Germans rushed upon the scene and fired upon the Frenchmen, wounding them. The French authorities thereupon sent armored tanks and machine guns into Gelsenkirchen, and demanded that the town pay an indemnity of one million marks. There seems to have been no investigation—just the demand. The municipal authorities refused to pay. The French then sent more troops into the city, surrounded the town hall and rifled the municipal treasury of its paper marks, and repeated the performance at the railroad stations. Altogether they obtained a little more than their million—but they announced that they would keep the balance to pay the cost of collection. The incident is instructive. One German, excited at seeing a French joy-rider shoot down a fellow-countryman who was only doing his duty, may bring upon his fellows all the brutality of which an iron military fist is capable. One German breaking the iron peaceful discipline which is Germany's only present armor may bring about that crisis of violence for which the French generals are obviously hoping as an excuse for new violence and brutality. Passive resistance is the only German hope, but it is a terribly difficult method. The French, desperate at the refusal of the Germans either to obey or to fight them, have the power to give any expression they will to their anger. There is no force in France or in Germany to stop them.

IF this great drama in the Ruhr is not to degenerate into a long battle of military power allied with hunger against moral force scattered in five million separate breasts, some step toward solution must come from outside. Mr. Hughes, apparently, has no intention of helping. Help then must come from England. Yet there again is a Government whose hands are tied. Mr. Bonar Law has acted toward Turkey as France has acted toward the Germans. He has sought to bully, to impose his will by a show of military force. If the French have abandoned their opposition to his Turkish policy one may assume that it was not without a *quid pro quo*. That perhaps explains the mysterious mildness of the British Government in the face of this crime against Europe. It is harder to understand the weakness of the opposition. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says that if France can afford the cost of the Ruhr expedition (and the rise of the mark has raised the cost of the half billion marks which the French use daily from $10,000 to $25,000) and can also afford to lend 400,000,000 francs to Poland for purposes not explained even to the French Parliament, then she could well afford to repay a little of her war-time borrowing from England and the United States. It is within the power of both these governments to hint strongly, and such strong hints might save a good many lives and a deal of destruction. Before such hints can be welcome, however, these governments must be ready to offer to drop some part of their loans if France will quit trying to collect the impossible from Germany. By our unreadiness to do that we bear a share of the responsibility.

SENATOR BORAH'S bill for an international conference and his move to outlaw war is plainly an attempt to bring before the people of this country what is known as the Knox-Levinson plan to make war illegal. We have commended this proposal more than once. Senator Knox, who made it his plan, had served in two cabinets, and was a very practical man in public and private life. Yet to the day of his death he believed in the practicality of this plan. Like him Senator Borah wants to couple with the legal excommunication of war an international court with power to hale before it disputant nations and to decide all questions arising between countries. Of course we shall be told that this is visionary and impractical, that war is noble, that these things cannot be done, etc., etc. They can be done if the will to conquer war is strong enough. We call upon every peace-loving organization to support Senator Borah, and we particularly remind our churchmen of Lloyd George's remark last fall that if England and the United States permit another war to come to pass the Christian churches in those countries might as well close their doors forever.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT of Pennsylvania is winning golden opinions by his conduct of his office. But he is of course feeling the opposition of the rotten Republican machine in spite of which he was elected, and of the lawless elements which are making fortunes out of the illicit traf-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fic in liquor. The two groups have joined hands in an interesting counter-attack to offset Governor Pinchot's avowed determination to enforce prohibition. A State-wide referendum next fall is proposed, in which the voters shall say whether they favor the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act or desire beer and light wines and the repeal of the amendment. This may be a clever trick to embarrass the governor, but we should like to see such a referendum. We wish it might be nation-wide. We firmly believe that such a national vote should have preceded the passing of the amendment, and are confident that prohibition would be upheld today by an overwhelming majority. Meanwhile we trust that Governor Pinchot will go right on in his efforts to enforce the law, which is seldom respected by the responsible authorities who instead of enforcing the law make speeches on the menace of foreign-born agitators.

THE new Senator from Michigan is something more than an extremely able citizen; he is cruel. Proof of this is his publication on the floor of the Senate of the fact that no less than 150 members of the United States Chamber of Commerce recently sailed for Europe on a nice, wet British steamer, the Caronia. The cruelty of this lies in the fact that the United States Chamber of Commerce not only is demanding that the American flag stay on the ocean but insists that Congress grant subsidies for that purpose at once. We have seen nothing quite as amusing as this since William Randolph Hearst published one day a full-page signed editorial denouncing all Americans who sail under foreign flags and on the very next day sailed for Europe on a fast Cunard liner. Senator Couzens was not content to lacerate the United States Chamber of Commerce; he turned upon the Detroit Chamber, whose secretary had just notified him that "having canvassed the more than 7,000 members the directors yesterday voted to back the Administration Shipping Bill" and expected the Senator to govern himself accordingly. Mr. Couzens first demanded specifications. How many of the 7,000 voted for the bill, how many against it, and how many not at all? Then he offered to wager that not more than fifty of the 7,000, and not one-half of the directors, had ever read the bill or knew anything about it. We wager his wager will never be accepted, for it is a striking phenomenon that even in the circles which were to profit by the bill almost nobody really understands the bill or knows its provisions.

EMERY dust found by microscopic examinations in lubricating oil; nuts loosened to wreck locomotive machinery—these were the instances of sabotage charged by General Manager Bardo of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad to account for the breakdown of the road and to injure the moral case of the shop strikers. At a continuation of the Connecticut legislative hearing last Wednesday an expert machinist testified that emery dust so small that it could not be discovered without a microscope would have no effect except to polish the bearings. A letter was read from an official of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the effect that the government inspections had revealed no evidence of sabotage. It was brought out that nobody had been convicted under such charges. On the other hand, Mr. Henry T. Hunt, former representative of the public on the Railroad Labor Board, substantiated the charge of Judge George W. Anderson that the strike was provoked and promoted by the managements. He showed that failure to settle was responsible for the wretched service on the New Haven. The only well-established charge of sabotage therefore seems to be the sabotage of the New Haven by the interests which control it, relentlessly pursued in the interest of industrial autocracy.

A FREE speech epidemic, more virulent than influenza and twice as unpopular with the authorities, seems to be sweeping the colleges. The University of California is still simmering over the improprieties of the *Laughing Horse;* Michigan is still discussing whether students should be allowed publicly to like John Kenneth Turner's "Shall It Be Again" and *The Nation,* and publicly to dislike the university administration, and publicly to talk about gland transference. And now Wisconsin has become infected and, with almost startling appropriateness, the carrier is discovered to be none other than David Sinclair, son of Upton Sinclair. Assisted by another student, J. H. Brooks, young Sinclair has started a new paper, the *Scorpion,* which published in its first issue Upton Sinclair's account of the peculiar vices of the University of Wisconsin administration. The dean of men has demanded an explanation of the unauthorized founding of a new publication; the editors have mentioned free speech and have voiced their determination to continue the paper if it means their expulsion. Thus it will be seen that typical symptoms are developing in regular order and the epidemic may be expected to run its course. Unlike some other infections these free speech epidemics seem to have a wholesome, invigorating effect on everybody. And however this particular case comes out it is something to have insured wide publicity for the views on college education of Mr. Upton Sinclair. Sons have their uses.

WHERE there is much talk of truces and settlements there must be some of the fire of a common understanding. If once a truce could be arranged in Ireland the driving force of public opinion would surely force some compromise agreement. For these men who have been executing and ambushing each other, bombarding each other's strongholds, and burning down each other's homes, are all Irishmen, fighting, as they believe, for Ireland. The leaders of the Free State who hold more than 10,000 fellow-Irishmen in jail and who are responsible for so ghastly a series of executions, and the irregulars who so horribly expressed their republicanism by burning down Sir Horace Plunkett's home—all think they are serving Ireland. It does not help much for us on this side of the water to express our dismay at this or that atrocity of one group or the other; we can only ache at the tragedy, all the greater because it is Ireland's tragedy, and hope that the talk of truce means that the steady warmth of Irish hearts will find a way out from the over-hotness of Irish heads.

WHILE men are gradually being released from the Federal prisons, and while Governor Smith has been clearing the board in New York State by freeing the last four politicals, California is still shoving men into jail. Her criminal syndicalism law is terrible as any form of insanity is terrible. It is outside the pale of legal discussion. To come under its provisions one need neither do nor think nor say anything violent or subversive. One need only hold a membership card in the I.W.W.; this alone will serve as a card of admission to the jails of the State. The members

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the I.W.W. in California bid fair to smash this law by the force of their numbers. About 300 men are now behind the bars, and sixty-eight more are under arrest or on trial. Freedom is very ill in California and the climate does not seem to help her. Meanwhile we must not forget sins nearer home. On February 17 Captain Paxton Hibben, an invited speaker at the Republican Club in New York, was induced to leave without making his address. He had been asked to speak on Russia, and was known at the time the invitation was issued to favor recognition of the present Russian Government. He reluctantly accepted the invitation—and then, having arrived at the meeting, was informed that he was not welcome. Anywhere but at the Republican Club, where of course rudeness is out of the question, such treatment of an invited guest might be considered almost discourteous. At it was, the president of the club magnanimously refused to allow the blame for the incident to be attached to Captain Hibben!

"Captain Hibben very courteously withdrew. We do not wish to cast any reflections on him in any way."—Nathaniel A. Elsberg, president of the Republican Club of New York City.

I CALLED him names upon the street—
Black names that men resent.
But now I say to all I meet:
"I'm sure he will repent."

One day I tripped him as he walked
And chanced to break his arm,
But I explained—when people talked—
"He didn't mean no harm."

I broke a bottle on his head,
I blackened both his eyes,
I knocked him down—and then I said:
"Pray don't apologize."

I drove a knife into a gap
Between his ribs—then stated:
"The fellow was a worthy chap,
He must not be berated."

THE opening of Tut-ankh-amen's tomb after 3,400 years seems to have afforded the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. All classes are reading the news of the discoveries with an avidity which shows not only that we are not altogether war-shocked into insensibility, but that we still have imaginations to be stirred. No such public interest attended the news that three men talked by wireless from New York to London the other evening and were heard in a public hall with absolute distinctness—one actually *coughed* across the Atlantic. A generation that sees a new scientific invention every week, and in its own homes triumphs over space, may perhaps be pardoned for being a bit blasé over things which a generation ago would have made the whole world gasp with astonishment. But the far, far distant past still stirs us; the thought of a king's grave rediscovered untouched after three millenniums—that sinks in. Fashion-makers tell us we are to have our jewelry and our garments made in the manner of Tut-ankh-amen's age. The past, not the future, is to strengthen its hold upon us. Hard on Shaw's Methuselah comes the news that we are to have a cave-man film to show us whence we sprang and how our remotest ancestors lived thousands upon thousands of years before Tut-ankh-amen. Multitudes who are envying the Pharaoh his gilded lion-couches, Lebanon cedar canopy, and alabaster vases will instead echo Oliver Herford's view of the descent of man from the trees:

I'm glad we sprang; had we held on
We might for aught that I can say
Be horrid chimpanzees today.

BY the sudden death of Bishop Charles D. Williams at Detroit not only his own communion but the whole church and the whole country are the poorer. Bishop Williams was of that handful of churchmen who keep one from completely losing hope in the ability of organized Christianity to minister to the perplexing problems of our time. His vision was keen, and it was matched by his courage. He was a crusader for social justice and individual freedom. Not only in sermons and addresses but by his work as president of the Church League for Industrial Democracy he made his position unmistakably clear. In his private dealings he supported his public statements with the force of a virile personality. We know some college students who will remember the bishop less for his public utterance than for the vigor of his informal dinner-table conversations in defense of I.W.W. prisoners and West Virginia miners. That conversation was characteristic. The liberty he would grant others he claimed for himself, and he won from his diocesan convention an indorsement of the freedom of the preacher. The effectiveness of the Christian pulpit would be greatly increased by more such boldness! The external restraints the churches put upon their ministers are less than the inward censorship of fear. From that censorship Charles D. Williams was free.

WILHELM KONRAD ROENTGEN, who died the other day, enjoyed a distinction which is probably unique in the history of thought. During his lifetime his proper name became incorporated in the common name of an important division of science—Roentgenology. His discovery was a combination of accident and genius. He was experimenting with a vacuum (Crookes's) tube; on the table under a book, there happened to lie an ordinary photographic plate. When this plate was developed, Roentgen found on it an outline (the stories differ but the main fact is the same) of the bones of his hand or of a metal object used as a bookmark. His genius, the spirit of scientific inquiry, made him go back to see what had happened. Thus he found the X—that is, the "unknown"—ray. The discovery wrought a revolution in theoretic physics, and in the practice of medicine and surgery. In the diagnosis of many important disorders of human flesh an X-ray examination is now a matter of course. The doctor does not probe or open the patient on the blind chance of finding something; he literally sees the trouble first. In addition the X-ray seems to have power to check the growth of morbid tissue; but its therapeutic value is still a matter of dispute. On the other hand, a power that can cure can kill. The pioneer workers, Dr. Walter Dodd, Dr. Infroit, and others, were terribly burned and died of carcinoma caused by the power which they had not yet learned to control. Today both patient and operator are perfectly safeguarded; in the hospitals the X-ray machine is taken for granted like an electric light or an ordinary camera. All this has happened since 1895, when Roentgen, a German professor of physics, stumbled into a new light.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Newspaper Cannibalism

THE suspension of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* and Pittsburgh *Leader* last week is the most striking of a long series of similar newspaper happenings. These old, well-established dailies were purchased for the purpose of extinction by the five remaining dailies, on the avowed ground that there were too many newspapers in Pittsburgh for the successful conduct of all. In other words, there was not enough circulation and advertising to go around, and so these two papers were purchased for considerably more than one million dollars, and immediately suspended. This is a characteristic phenomenon in the recent development of the newspaper business. Sometimes the consolidations take place under pressure of rising costs; sometimes, as in Pittsburgh, it is a thirst for monopoly. Often the merchants of a town aid and abet on the ground that fewer newspapers means very considerable savings for them.

Let us say at once that as these two Pittsburgh papers were conducted their disappearance is no loss to journalism. We have it on the authority of one of the ablest publicity men in Pennsylvania that there is no city in America in which the press has fallen so low as in Pittsburgh—not even Boston. Its open prostitution during the steel strike of 1920 was set forth in *The Nation* of January 5, 1921, by Charles Grant Miller, himself an experienced newspaper man. The *Dispatch* was one of the offenders. Like the *Leader* it accepted misleading advertising which aimed to break the strike, kept its news and editorial comment in harmony with the advertising, and gave no hint that there was another side to the strike than that of the employers. It is no exaggeration to say that the Pittsburgh dailies are class organs. Never was there anywhere a greater failure to represent the real desires and aspirations of the plain people. The multitude has been catered to by those appeals of sensationalism which are supposed to make for large circulations, but there has been nothing whatsoever to represent the real conscience of Pittsburgh, the noble social efforts to redeem the city from its materialism, or the upward striving of the labor movement. Hence, when it was rumored that the *Dispatch* was likely to be sold, efforts were made to see whether it could not be obtained for an experiment in old-fashioned American journalism. The project was unsuccessful; but the deeper the probe into the situation the more appalling appeared the facts. The simple truth is that all the Pittsburgh newspapers are of one type and all of one point of view.

What is more interesting is the fact that the five surviving dailies are now practically under one control, and that control is the money power as represented by the Mellon interests—the family headed by the enormously wealthy Secretary of the Treasury. It is true that two of these newspapers are ostensibly Democratic; but if our information is correct they are subject to precisely the same influences. They will certainly never seriously injure the Republican machine. Nowhere could one ask a clearer example of control of the organs of opinion upon which the people must depend for the information upon which to base their political and social judgments by the same forces which dominate the business and industrial life of the city. There is no such thing as minority representation. The large corporations do not have to own a single share of stock to have their way, and the role played by the large banks is extremely effective. The newspapers of Pittsburgh worship the banks, the successful business enterprises, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the god of things as they are.

As we have said, this latest consolidation is unfortunately not an isolated instance. A study of the number of dailies in the twenty largest cities of the United States shows that where there were 121 in 1915 there are today only 106. What is even more striking is that the number of morning papers has shrunk from 55 to 41, while the *Leader's* death leaves the evening newspapers only one less than in 1915—a fact which throws light on the recent formation of a league of morning newspapers to protect themselves from inroads upon their business by their evening rivals. One also discovers that seven of our twenty biggest cities—Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Newark, New Orleans, Minneapolis, and Seattle—now have each only one morning newspaper! The situation in Chicago is familiar to our readers; where there used to be six or seven there are today only two morning newspapers, the *Tribune* and a Hearst paper. Taking all the dailies, including those printed in foreign languages, in the twelve States containing the twenty largest cities, the figures show that the total number has shrunk in eight years from 1,425 to 1,292.

It would be a mistake, of course, to attribute this shrinkage exclusively to the trend toward consolidation. Undoubtedly a good many of the changes were due to the high costs of war time, which rendered unprofitable many of the weaker newspapers, and many of these costs have not come down appreciably. None the less, the trend is there, and in some cases the reason, as we have suggested, is the desire of the powerful paper to remove a competitor. Invariably in these cases there follows an increase in advertising rates, as happens in any business when a monopoly is established. But whatever the exact causes which have brought about the reduction in the number of dailies—in Michigan, for instance, there are fifteen less than ten years ago—the fact ought to interest the public quite as much as the newspaper profession. There are 374 sizable towns in Michigan but only sixty-seven of them possess dailies. More than that, a number of these dailies are owned by the same proprietors. Were Mr. Ford to imitate the activities of the Booth brothers, he could, with his enormous wealth, readily purchase all the newspapers in Michigan which they do not now own. What would be the public reaction to this? Already the growth of groups of newspapers controlled by one man like Mr. Hearst or by a syndicate is beginning to make people wonder what condition the press will be in ten years from now. That the opportunity is tempting is suggested by the report that one of our largest business interests, which owns banks and trust companies as well as manufacturing enterprises along a dozen lines, has appropriated six million dollars to go into the business of publicity and of manufacturing public opinion favorable to wealth and big business. This rumor may not be based upon fact, but there is no reason whatsoever why we should not speedily hear of such ventures. The opportunity must be tempting indeed. As things now are one is compelled to wonder how long it will be possible to present all sides of public questions to the American public. As a matter of fact, in many cities today the only news the people obtain is presented with the bias both of a class and of one particular party.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The League Revives Austria

THROUGH the intervention of the League of Nations the little republic of Austria has been saved. The Austrian krone, which before the war was worth a trifle more than a Swiss franc, has for six months been stabilized. After four years of terrific plunges it has been held firm—at about one-fifteen-thousandth of its former worth. Prices are actually falling, rents are rising, business is steadier, the hectic atmosphere of the catastrophe-days seems to be a thing of the past. Under the auspices of France, England, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia the future of the independent republic seems, for the present at least, assured.

This gain dates from the action of the League Council last September. It may seem ungenerous, when the League has finally accomplished something which in the chaos of Europe stands out like a mountain-peak, to regret that the salvation might not have come sooner. But honesty demands recognition of the fact that if the Allied Powers had not been so determined to keep German Austria apart from Germany the misery of Vienna in these years would probably have been vastly less. Left to themselves the Austrians would long ago have attached the tiny remnant of their ancient empire to the republic of their blood-brothers in Germany. The same Powers which now, through the League, guarantee Austria's future, drew up the Treaty of St. Germain. That treaty cut Austria off from territories upon which she had been economically dependent and left her with a capital too big for its hinterland; it required her to continue a separate existence, and then put upon her a crushing burden which the Powers have at last—almost too late—recognized as impossible.

Austria's record since September is extraordinary. On September 4 the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, left Vienna for Geneva. On September 6 he laid the Austrian situation before the League Council. The Council appointed a committee, of which Lord Balfour was chairman, which, on September 30, reported its program for the restoration of Austria. On October 2 representatives of the four guaranteeing Powers, and Dr. Seipel, signed a series of contracts, by which the Powers declared themselves ready to guarantee 80 per cent of a 650-million gold-kronen loan (about $130,000,000) if Austria fulfilled certain conditions—first, to sign no separate agreements against the interests of the four guaranteeing Powers; second, to carry out certain administrative reforms, including sharp reductions in the number of civil-service employees, a stop to the issue of paper money, and the establishment of a private bank of note issue; and third, for the Austrian Parliament virtually to abdicate for two years, leaving control of financial and other matters in the hands of a commissioner to be named by the League of Nations.

This program the Socialists, who are strong in Austria, denounced as a "treaty of slavery." It does indeed make of Austria, at least for the time being, a sort of crown colony of the League. But it removed the threat of partition between Italy and Czecho-Slovakia which had hung over Austria's head. The Socialist opposition was overcome. Even the Nationalists who had most loudly clamored for annexation to Germany joined Dr. Seipel's Clericals in the belief that herein, humiliating as it might be, lay Austria's only salvation. In December the Geneva agreements were ratified by the Austrian Parliament.

Paper money inflation has ceased, the krone has been stabilized, the price of potatoes has fallen from 2,000 to 600 kronen a kilogram, of sugar from 20,000 to 9,000 kronen, of flour from 12,000 to 6,000. The law holding rents down has been abrogated, and accordingly rents have gone up. The general cost of living thus has dropped less than might have been expected—but it declined 16 per cent in three months. This fall in prices brought with it a return of public confidence, so that people no longer rush to invest their money wages in carpets, clothes, or anything of permanent value, and money saving has begun again. Deposits in the savings banks, which amounted to only 47 billions in September, passed the 200-billion mark in November. This fall in prices, with the loss of the artificial advantages in foreign markets which a declining currency gives any country, involved a slump in Austrian industry, which, combined with the fact that 25,000 men were pruned out of the civil service by January 1, and that 75,000 more are being discharged in accordance with the Geneva requirements, has brought the number of unemployed up to a distressing figure. However, all reports agree that the atmosphere of Vienna has changed; there is a new confidence, a new self-reliance, a new hope. And the energy with which Chancellor Seipel has carried out his part of the program has given Austria a new standing in the money markets of the world. The next step is the issue of the international loan, guaranteed upon the Austrian railways and customs, in which, it is now announced, not only England, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia, but also Spain, Belgium, and Switzerland will participate. American capital also is looked for. The Austrians have done their part by subscribing to a six-million-dollar gold loan—reckoned in dollars, a sign of the times—to cover the interim, and raising 30 million gold kronen for the capital of the new bank of issue.

This is one of the most encouraging chapters in the history of the League. To have set a nation upon its feet, even at such cost, is a great achievement in these days. But the Austrian Socialists still cry that the rule of the League commissioner will mean slavery to Allied banks. The stewardship of the League will prove itself in the coming years. The League has not shown itself altogether free from partisanship in other cases. Its much-vaunted action in "preventing" war between little Lithuania and Poland (to which France has just agreed to lend 400,000,000 francs for "economic and military purposes") has turned out disappointingly. For, in addition to Vilna the League has just presented Poland with the so-called neutral zone about Vilna. Lithuania, as a consolation prize, gets Memel from the Supreme Allied Council, which bears a close resemblance to the Council of the League. These are not hope-inspiring precedents.

The Way of the Translator

THE way of the translator is hard, but the way of sensitive readers and of foreign authors is harder still. Our public is showing a fine and encouraging curiosity in regard to the art, and so in regard to the life and psychology, of other nations. Translated books begin to multiply and their circulation begins to increase. It is a melancholy reflection that nearly all of them offer but a coarsening and cheapening of the original, the clear betrayal of the old Italian proverb. A recent case in point is presented by versions of two novels, one very long, the other quite brief, by Arthur Schnitzler. It happens that Schnitzler is, above all else, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stylist. This does not mean that he writes in a difficult or involved or curious manner; it means that the limpid flow of his rhythms, the exquisite discretion of his diction are an integral part of his meaning. Form and substance are here, as in all good art, inseparable. The dry bones of his fable in lumbering or gritty English cease quite simply and literally to have any relation to his mind or art.

The one example will serve for a hundred. It is with something like dismay that we look forward to the forthcoming English version of so great and so severe a piece of writing as Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks"; the fact that French authors fare little better than the Germans has recently been well illustrated by Mr. Ernest Boyd's account of the current translations of the writings of Maupassant.

We may approach an explanation of this state of things by calling attention to the fact that it does not apply in the field of the classics. You may prefer Ellis's Catullus to Connington's and regard the latter's Virgil as an absurd mistake; you may have no patience with a version of Homer that uses the Spenserian stanza. But none of these translations lack literacy in the higher sense, none are slipshod, hideous, patently incorrect. In each of them is felt the presence of a philologist and an artist, never that of the speaker of some foreign tongue turned hack.

Here is the root of the trouble. Throughout the English-speaking world, but especially in America, a familiarity with German or French or Spanish is supposed to entitle a man to translate from these tongues. No mistake could be more absurd. The first requisite in a translator is that he shall be an artist in the handling of his native tongue. If he has both a philologist's and a ready speaker's knowledge of the language of his original, so much the better. The ideal translator will have the complete equipment. But if there must be a choice, it is infinitely better that he occasionally misunderstand the meaning of a Schnitzler than that his ear be so ill-attuned and his mastery of English so imperfect that he is incapable of rendering art by art and gives us a journalistic caricature of the beauty, grace, precision, aroma of his original. Inaccuracies can be corrected in manuscript or even in later editions. Nothing can remedy the work of a translator who, both to perceive his original and transmute it, would have to be born again.

Why, then, it will be asked, do not artists—they need not be artists of the first order—undertake so useful and honorable a task? The answer is both brief and shocking. Because the current rate paid by the most reputable publishers for the translating of eminent works by the eminent masters of foreign literature is—half a cent a word. If the book is long, moreover, a reduction is made in view of bulk, so that the fee for a volume running to, let us say, 134,000 words will be in the neighborhood of $650. We are not saying that the publishers are stingy nor that they can afford to pay more. The fact remains. Hence no one can afford to translate who can earn a decent wage at any other occupation, and good translators watch with pain and horror murderous assaults upon masterpieces which they were too poor to risk translating. Here is a field for wealthy and exquisitely cultivated amateurs or for university professors with ample leisure and a taste for print. The highly trained man of letters, at all events, is almost automatically excluded from an activity that, at its best and exercised upon memorable work, combines the ease of scholarship with the grace of art and might often and profitably fill seasons of low spirits or creative sterility.

"H. W. M." and the London *Nation*

IT is with the profoundest regret that we read that the Rowntree Trust has given to a group of Manchester Liberals control of the London *Nation* and that with this goes the retirement from its editorship of Henry W. Massingham, together with his assistant editor, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. It was Mr. Massingham who founded the London *Nation* and named it after this New York publication. It is Mr. Massingham who has fought ever since for the truth and the right as he has seen it with unsurpassed courage; who has often visioned the future more clearly than any other British editor; who since Versailles has pleaded for justice and fair play among all nations with an eloquence surpassed by no one.

These men are this *Nation's* spiritual brothers. We cannot see them relieved of their opportunity to serve England and the world without recording our chagrin and astonishment, which are all the greater because the initiative proceeded from the Rowntrees, from whom one had the right to expect something else. That the *Nation* was not a paying venture we are quite aware—what similar journal is? It, too, has had to pay the price for its outspokenness, for its refusal to yield to the war-clamor (after recovering from its initial blunder at the beginning of the war). It was honored by the vituperation of Lloyd George. By him its foreign circulation was for a time during the war cut off. But withal it was the *Nation;* it was Massingham, who voiced once more the spirit of Cobden and of Bright, who judged with information and profound knowledge, who wrote with passion but with insight. It is hard for us, at this distance, to conceive of the circumstances which would warrant such a step as his retirement. Some other medium should promptly be found for the generous spirit of this man whom Henry W. Nevinson has called the greatest of living editors.

Our regret is the keener because besides Mr. Massingham there are now three other liberal British editors of first-rate ability who are without newspapers to conduct. A. G. Gardiner, whom Lloyd George maneuvered out of the *Daily News;* J. A. Spender, who retired last year when the *Westminister Gazette* became a morning instead of an evening daily; and Francis W. Hirst, so long the distinguished editor of the *Economist* and of *Common Sense,* have all relinquished the editorial chairs they graced. Nor can we find recompense in the news that J. Ramsay Muir and J. Maynard Keynes are henceforth to direct the *Nation,* which is to be the mouthpiece of the Liberal "summer-school movement," an educational propaganda designed to rehabilitate the old liberalism, bankrupt since its leaders traduced it during the World War. We would not deny the ability of Mr. Muir and particularly of Mr. Keynes; it is quite possible that the extraordinary reputation so justly earned by Mr. Keynes may carry the *Nation* to the commercial success it lacks now. But Mr. Keynes is Mr. Keynes and not "H. W. M.," the "Wayfarer" as he signs himself, who knows so admirably his way about in politics as in literature. Nor can we feel that the brand of liberalism which the new controllers and the men who will actually do the editing will expound will savor of that enlightenment and world-embracing understanding of human problems which distinguish the London *Nation* today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bill Borah and Other Home Folks

By ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

I

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
The army and navy forever—
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

THE kitchen door flew open, and the two farmers, in their "town coats," marched into the room singing lustily. I, with pancake turner poised, could hardly restrain myself until their chorus was ended. It was six o'clock in the morning of the day after election, and the two men had just returned from an all-night counting of the ballots.

"How did it go?" I cried at the first opportunity.

"We've carried Jerome County, and we may have carried the State."

"It's too good to be true!" (And it was, about the State!)

But when the returns came in and we found that our man for governor stood second to the Republican victor, and only 10,000 behind him, we felt justified in declaring: Watch the Progressive Party in Idaho two years from now. We'll win next time!

II

The Progressive Party in Idaho is the successor of the Nonpartisan League. Six years ago the League went into the Democratic primary and nominated such candidates as it desired. There was success in so many instances that we who believed in that for which the League stands felt so optimistic that we even dreamed of "carrying" the State in no distant future. But, alas for our hopes, two years after the entrance of the organized farmers into politics we fell lamentably behind in the voting. It was the year of the Republican landslide. I remember one of our good farm women was passing the bank on election day and, pointing to a picture of Mr. Harding in the window, she exclaimed to all who cared to hear: "That face looks good to me!" And she voted accordingly. And so did they all. The farmers had suffered so much under the Wilson Administration that they turned with eagerness to a Republican regime. It never occurred to them that they might experience even greater depression under President Harding.

In our community the farm women organized themselves into what they call The Ladies' Fancy-work Improvement Club. Some of the men are ungallant enough to substitute the word "gossip" for "fancy-work." I was honored by a request to join, and at the second meeting which I attended, armed with some socks badly in need of first aid, I heard the lady who liked Mr. Harding's face complaining bitterly because her husband could get next to nothing for his crop. One after another the women joined in the chorus of woe. At last I jabbed my darning ball with my needle, blunting it thereby, and turning to the Harding lady I addressed her: "Didn't I understand you to say that you voted the Republican ticket this year?"

"I did," she answered, "and I'm proud of it. Pa always voted the Republican ticket, and his Pa before him. We've all been Republicans in our family, and always will."

"My father was always a Democrat," spoke up another woman. "I expect to vote the Democratic ticket till I die."

"Me, too. Our family was always Democratic."

"Well, our family back as far as we can trace was always Republican."

At last I struck in: "Then don't complain any more about the price your farm products brought. What did you do to change conditions for the farmer? You helped make the world safe for the business man, the banker, and you left the farmer and his muddled affairs entirely out, just as the old parties intended that you should do. I suppose I am the only woman present who voted for the Nonpartisan candidates."

"No," spoke one little woman, "I voted for the Nonpartisans, too. Henry made me!"

"Hurrah for Henry!" said I.

Now, the significant part of this defeat for the farmer vote is this: in spite of the fact that we did not win anything to speak of, we actually gained ten thousand votes more than we had the first year. Slowly—slowly—do you see it creeping?

III

When I received notice that I had been chosen as clerk of the Progressive primary I was dismayed, but I took my courage in my hands, and what was equally important, tried to see if I could do a day's work in one morning, so that the machinery of the house could go on without me.

When we came to Idaho from Kansas we brought a buggy. This vehicle passed away, and we purchased a "white top" or "Mormon hack," our family having grown. This, too, went the way of the "one hoss shay." We now bought a two-wheel cart for the convenience of our son Walter, to ride to high school, six miles away. This vehicle has continued to act as our means of communication with the town. With Florry harnessed to this, my eleven-year-old boy Charles and I set out for Hazelton.

Florry is a farm horse. She is so big, and the cart so small, that she almost sat in our laps as we sped along. The road over which we usually went was like a river of flour, the dust was so deep. So Charles and I decided to take the desert road, up across the railroad track, out through the sage-brush where our only encounters would be with jack-rabbits and coyotes. But, oh, that lava rock! When that extinct crater north of us belched forth red-hot stones and liquid fire I am sure that it was with no future design against our rickety cart and our resentful Florry, who stubbornly refused to tread upon even the smallest stone, and was forever bouncing our cart from one black eminence to another. Then there was the stream under the railroad trestle, with two boards across it for the wheels, but nothing for the horse. Florry was bound she would "walk the plank" and send us into the stream. Poor Charles see-sawed his arms until he was exhausted, pulling at the reins to keep her straight. We crossed, and immediately entered into a long, uphill quagmire of mud, the waste-water seepage from the farm through which we were compelled to pass. Over the railroad track, across the condemned bridge with the foaming, racing water underneath. When a bridge becomes dangerous to human life the county officials nail up a board with the word "Condemned" in big letters. There the responsibility ends. If you cross, and the bridge suddenly gives way, your death is on your own head. And then it is time to build a new bridge.

Upon reaching Hazelton I went to the drug-store to ask where the Progressive primary might be. I was told that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it was probably in the hotel. I crossed the street to that homely edifice, and entered the front door. Several of our local business men were seated at a long table, and one of them advanced toward me smiling and rubbing his hands together unctuously. All the other men smiled and spoke to me. The man who had come to meet me asked: "Did you come to vote, Mrs. Greenwood?"

"I was looking for the Progressive primary," I answered.

Talk about an eclipse of the sun! It was as though someone had called, "lights out!" Every blind went down in those faces. A frigid voice answered: "I think you'll find it further up the street."

I did. A farmer, whom I knew slightly, was there before me. He informed me that he was a judge of the election. He had the books in his keeping. We waited an hour for other officials to appear. Since they did not, we swore each other in as clerk and judge and every other necessary officer. And there we waited. We had one voter that entire day. Is it any wonder that I did not have faith that the Progressive Party would make much impression on election day? Of course, I overlooked somewhat the fact that there was no contest in our primary, all candidates having been chosen in advance, while nearly every office was being hotly contested in the Republican primary, and almost as much so in the Democratic primary. The next day one of our farm men went to town. When he returned he said: "Your Progressive primary is the laughing-stock of the town." "Let them laugh," I answered. It was mere bravado on my part, for in my secret heart I did not believe the Progressives would make any showing. "You know the farmers," I had been told so many times. "They won't stick."

IV

For the first time in the history of our segregation there were political rallies in the schoolhouse. The first to come were the Progressives. I was the only woman present at that rally. I looked at that room filled with farmers in their old mackinaws or sheepskin coats and overalls, and I wondered whether it would not be more lady-like for me to trot back home, but as a voter I decided to remain.

I do not use perfect English myself, as you have no doubt discovered by this time, and yet I have always cringed at certain incorrect expressions, and have been inclined to underestimate anyone using them. But on this night I listened to language which had heretofore turned me against the speakers, and I was not turned. I heard those earnest men talking straight from their hearts and out of their hard experiences. The candidates present that night were all farmers except one man, a carpenter. Said one speaker: "The Republicans and the Democrats have each a sure remedy for what ails the farmer. The Republicans say that all that is the matter with you is that you are overburdened with taxes, and that when they are cut down you will be in a prosperous condition. How many of you men here tonight have paid your taxes?" Not a hand went up. "Then," continued the speaker, "if you have not paid your taxes, you should be prosperous, but since you are not, then the taxes can't be the big problem. The Democrats say that all that is the matter with the farmer is that he should raise more cows and hogs, and quit raising hay and grain. You farmers know what would happen if we all went into raising hogs and cows. Then when the smash came the Democrats would say that all the farmer needs is to quit raising cows and hogs and raise more hay and grain."

An appeal was made to us to vote the straight Progressive ticket. "Better vote for a poor man who believes as you do than a good man who believes in the opposite principles, for the good man can do more harm by reason of his greater efficiency and his wrong belief than the poor man can do when he is trying his best to do what you believe is right." I was convinced. I had voted a scratched ticket always, contending that I voted for men and not parties; that good men were the important thing, no matter what their belief. I resolved never to scratch my ticket again.

Shortly after this the Democrats arrived. The farmers all went, as they had agreed to attend the rallies of all parties. Soon afterward the Republicans came and, canniest of all, they brought with them buns, wienerwursts, and hot coffee. And our Progressive men were kind enough to eat all the refreshments provided while making the Republican candidates for the legislature squirm under their questions.

V

The greatest sensation of the campaign was the spectacular entrance into Idaho of Senator William T. Borah. We heard his thunderous approach from afar, and it is not too much to say that upon his advent Idaho stood up on her hind legs and howled, both with delight and with derision. He stumped the State from one end to the other, defying the Republican machine of his home State; condemning the present cabinet form of government and the State constabulary; coming out flat-footed for the direct primary in spite of the convention plank in the Republican platform; splitting his party wide open, and not giving a care; challenging Moore, the Republican candidate for Governor, to reject the Republican platform, and make one of his own.

I had been bitterly opposed to Borah for many reasons, chief among them being his stand on woman suffrage. It seemed to me that he was dashing around in Congress with bumptious conceit, his eye fixed on the Presidential chair. But soon I began to read accounts of remarks like these:

"I defy the whole outfit." (The Republican "regulars" were attacking him.) "I don't propose to go back to the United States Senate at the suggestion of the organization. I don't even ask their consent to go back to the Senate of the United States."

"If I was in Charley Moore's place I would kick that platform into the dust-heap and I would tell the people of this State, regardless of the platform, what I was going to do."

"I want the Republican Party, but I want it right. . . . Now, before the twentieth of October let us have a program."

"The next two years belong to me—nobody but God Almighty can take them away from me, and during that period I am going to say precisely what I think, and advocate the policies in which I believe, regardless of the political consequences to the Republican Party."

Since these reports came from machine Republican papers, I wondered what the truth might be. I wanted to hear Borah, and the opportunity came. I was included in a party to go by automobile to Twin Falls, twenty-seven miles away. We left the ranch at 5:30 and when we reached Twin Falls we went immediately to the hall where Senator Borah was to speak. We had eaten no supper, but we were glad that we had not delayed, for an immense crowd had gathered before the closed doors, and we were lucky to find a place in line. I had heard that half the people who went to hear him were unable to gain admittance. It took less than fifteen minutes after the doors were opened to fill the hall and overflow the stage. All sorts of people were there, mostly middle-aged, prosperous-looking, white-collared business men and their wives, and weather-beaten farmers with their serious-looking mates. And then came the great Borah, with his "old-fashioned hair-cut," as one man put it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He talked quietly and convincingly, without oratory. He told us of our over-officered army—as bad as a Mexican army; of the ship subsidy and its injustice; of the Federal Reserve and the enormous salaries of its officials; of the deplorable war debt, and the despairingly long time it will take to pay it; he spoke in favor of the direct primary, as I had been told he would, and condemned the extravagance of the cabinet form of government; and last, and most emphatically, he declared that both old parties must clean house and offer something the people want, or the people will take things into their own hands and form a third party.

After it was over we went to a restaurant. Seated at one of the tables were some Borah-Republicans who accosted me. "What did you think of him, Mrs. Greenwood?" I answered: "If the Republican Party would follow Borah, there would be no need for a Progressive Party."

And right here I make this statement: I thoroughly believe that *Senator William E. Borah made more votes for the Progressive Party than any other man.*

VI

I got out of my bed, where I was ill with bronchitis, to go to Hazelton to register. I would have risen from my death-bed to register and vote. The following Monday was election day. I had been sick for over a week, and I simply had to do the washing. There is no way of disposing of the laundry on a ranch except by washing it, unless you can afford to make a bonfire of it. My neighbors had promised to take me to town to vote. Word came to me that they were ready, and I left the suds in the middle of the washing, donned street clothes, and joined them. We passed all sorts of vehicles, from automobiles to farm wagons, on their way to Hazelton, and we met many automobiles coming back to take more voters into town, having already performed that office many times. There was Ben Temple driving a borrowed automobile with the tatters of his sheepskin coat fluttering in the wind. That sheepskin coat seemed symbolic to me. Every year when Ben planted his crop he said "This year I'll get a new sheepskin coat," and every year the crop not only failed to pay for a new sheepskin coat, but it failed to pay even for itself. And each year the coat grew more ragged and Ben grew more determined to see what he could do by way of the vote to change conditions. On this particular election day he was taking in voters by the scores, and there was nothing in it for him but the satisfaction of doing it. And there was Frank Melotte. We passed him in his automobile returning for more voters, as he had been doing all day, his eyes set and serious, a returned volunteer soldier, who is once again a volunteer fighting the farmer's battle. When I reached town I saw farmers—farmers everywhere, and their wives with them. How could I tell they were farmers? In the words of Ben Temple, "If you see a man and he's got a fairly good suit and coat, why, that's a tramp; if you see a man in a ragged coat and worn-out overalls, that's a farmer." And their wives. Hats and coats of the vintage of 1912, and raw red hands, and anxious, toil-worn faces. A baby in arms and one in the man's arms, clothed in worn old things, cut down. Where is the folding go-cart that could have been brought to town so handily? The dream of it is buried out in the field with the frozen potatoes. They who feed the world, looking like beggars, and feeling far worse than beggars!

I was in the voting-booth just long enough to make an ×. I came out and seated myself on a bench where I could watch the voters come and go. The farmers and their wives came through the street door, entered the booths, and came out, in about the time that it is taking me to tell this. My heart rejoiced. I felt that they were voting the Progressive ticket straight.

But I was not prepared for the returns. Our candidate was only ten thousand votes behind the Republican candidate, and far outstripped the Democratic candidate. Here again is the important fact: Two years ago we gained ten thousand votes more than at our first campaign, and *this year we gained another ten thousand votes. We need now only a matter of five thousand and one votes to make Idaho a Progressive State.* And we'll have them two years from now. Our campaign is already begun. Not slowly any more, but by one bound!

VII

The preamble of the Progressive Party platform makes a clear and definite statement of belief. Many will read the following lines with horror, but I venture to prophesy that they will see every principle here set down incorporated into the platforms of one or another and perhaps both of the old parties before much time has passed.

We, the delegates to the State Convention of the Progressive Party in Idaho assembled at Nampa, August 22, 1922, declare the paramount issue is the abolition of privilege, meaning by privilege the unjust economic advantage by possession of which a small group controls our natural resources, transportation, industry, and credit; stifles competition; prevents equal opportunity of development for all; and thus dictates the conditions under which we live.

We are against coalition with any political party, and pledge that not one of our State candidates will withdraw in favor of any candidate in either of the old parties. We advocate:

1. A State-wide open primary law and a sound, workable initiative, referendum, and recall.

2. Public control of natural resources; just taxation of all land values, including land containing coal, oil, mineral deposits, large water powers, and large commercial timber tracts, in order to prevent monopoly. We favor the gradual exemption from taxation of the products of labor and industry.

3. Public ownership and operation of railroads and enough public utilities to compete with monopoly.

4. Equal rights for all citizens: free speech, free press, and free assembly for lawful purposes, as guaranteed in the Constitution.

5. State efficiency and tax reduction by the abolishment of the State constabulary, the cabinet form of government, and other tax-eating, useless commissions; the reformation of the State highway and game departments, and the election of the State utilities commission.

6. A State graduated inheritance tax and income tax on incomes over $5,000—like the Wisconsin law.

7. A guaranty bank deposit law.

8. The well-known and just demands of labor, including an exclusive State fund compensation act similar to the Ohio law.

9. An impartial enforcement of all laws, including the prohibition law.

10. Laws to protect individual and cooperative enterprise from monopoly.

11. A national soldier bonus, paid for by tax on excess profits.

12. Money control to be taken from the private monopoly of the Federal Reserve system and restored to the national government.

13. We pledge ourselves to take the judiciary out of politics.

VIII

You will wonder whether H. F. Samuels, our choice for Governor, is a farmer, as was Senator Frazier of North Dakota. Mr. Samuels came to northern Idaho to practice law, which he did so successfully that he became a county

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prosecuting attorney. He became interested in the mining of that part of our State, and perfected a process for the extraction of zinc from low-grade ore, and was consequently known as "the Zinc King." During the war he answered the government's appeal for more agricultural produce by turning thousands of acres of logged-off land into cultivated fields. It was while engaged in this occupation that he first became interested in the Nonpartisan League. He was so much interested, in fact, that he went to North Dakota to investigate for himself. He became an ardent member, and the result was his selection as candidate for Governor by the Nonpartisan League two years ago. This year he was our candidate again, and the election shows that he ran way ahead of his ticket.

IX

Every cause has its martyrs, and the martyrs are not all dead. There is one man in Idaho to whom the farmers are more indebted than to any other man. For their cause he has been persecuted, his wife socially ostracized, his children made to weep bitter tears by their jeering schoolmates.

Ray McKaig was a minister in a certain church in Milwaukee. He married a girl who was a teacher of English in a college. That sounds like a perfectly respectable beginning, doesn't it? But note how they fell. Mr. McKaig was warned by his physician that he was consumptive, and must live out of doors. He and his wife decided to take up a homestead in North Dakota.

The next chapter finds them shingling the roof of their little house on the plains of North Dakota. There they were, bride and groom, both busy with hammer and nails, and little dreaming that the cloud of dust coming up the road was Destiny approaching. The cloud of dust stopped at the McKaig farm gate, and a man came out of its enveloping gray. Coming near the two on the roof he introduced himself as the tax collector. "How many cows have you?" "How many horses?" and so on, until he asked, "How much did this house cost you?"

"You are surely not going to tax me for this house," said Mr. McKaig, in astonishment.

"I certainly am."

"But, man, when I made these improvements I made more valuable those hundreds of acres of idle land next to my farm, which are being held for speculation. I made this country a better place to live by improving my farm. You are not taxing me; you are fining me!"

But he had to pay it just the same, just as all we farmers have to pay for every step toward greater decency that we make. It set him thinking. Plowing is an ideal occupation when a man has something on his mind. Only if he has it on his mind hard enough he is apt to do just as Ray McKaig did; he will leave the plow in the furrow and go out and raise his voice against injustice.

Ray McKaig joined the Nonpartisan League, and the voice that had exhorted worshipers to turn to God, now began to call to farmers to look to the government. Ray McKaig is an inspired speaker, deep, logical, interesting, witty. There are few who can compare with him. The State Federation of Agriculture of Idaho, including farmers, cattle men, sheepmen, and all others in any way interested in agriculture, invited Ray McKaig to address their big convention, at which many prominent men were to speak, Governor Alexander being one. Mr. McKaig spoke to such effect that the farmers present immediately organized and joined the Nonpartisan League.

Ray McKaig is the man who planted the seed of the Progressive Party in Idaho. I am thinking of him; I am thinking of the farmers of Idaho; I am thinking of the farming class all over the United States, when I say over to myself: 10,000 votes gained the second campaign; 10,000 more votes gained the third campaign; only 5,001 needed for victory.

Moving—moving—watch Idaho!

A Lesson in Solidarity

By PHIL E. ZIEGLER

SELDOM have greater courage and loyalty been displayed than in the strike of employees of the Andrews Steel Company and the Newport Rolling Mills—twin corporations, owned by one of Kentucky's "blue-blooded" families, the Andrews of Newport. Except for a brief period during which Newport was under military rule without martial law having been declared, the newspaper-reading public has heard very little about this strike, although a more brazen case of the misuse of government in an industrial dispute has rarely been heard of outside of West Virginia.

The employees of these two mills, numbering twenty-two hundred, comprised five locals of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers of North America, namely, No. 5, representing the highly skilled men in the hot mill; No. 15, the galvanizing plant; No. 16, the corrugating plant; and No. 17, the steel plant. The last three mentioned locals were composed of skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers. No. 5 had been recognized by the employers for thirty years. The other three locals became powerful during the war and were recognized during that period.

The working agreement expired in the early part of 1921, and negotiations were entered into between the mill owners and union representatives of the employees for a new schedule of working rules. It is important to bear in mind that the issue involved in these negotiations was simply one of rules and union recognition; wages were not in dispute. During the course of the negotiations the management without previous warning announced that they would no longer recognize locals 15, 16, and 17, and declared for the open shop. Every effort was made, however, to get local No. 5, representing the hot mill men, whose wages run from $8 to $30 a day, to agree to a separate settlement. To the credit of the $30-a-day men—many of whom are today working as common laborers at the prevailing wage of $3 a day—they refused to be bought, and the strike was called October 6, 1921.

Every one of the 2,200 employees obeyed the strike order. All approaches to the mills were systematically picketed by strikers and their sympathizers. The public, including the small business men, were avowedly in sympathy with the strikers, who composed the largest single group of workers in Newport. In due time the importation of strike-breakers began. Scores of them turned back before entering the mills after they had been appealed to by the pickets. Those who accepted employment were jeered by men, women, and children as they went to and from work. Where their identity became known among business men who sympathize with the strikers their patronage was refused. The strike continued through October and November

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without a desertion from the ranks of the strikers. The operators could not import strike-breakers fast enough to keep the mills running. The city officials conceived their duty to be the preservation of order, not the denial of civil liberties to strikers. The usual support from that source failed.

In December things began to happen. Pickets were shot at. The strikers were certain that the mill guards started it. At any rate, it furnished an opportunity for the mill owners to appeal to the Governor for protection, claiming that they were getting none from the local authorities. Troops were sent for the first time on December 24, 1921.

The first visit of the troops was uneventful. After a stay of three or four weeks they were withdrawn. The strikers' ranks were still unbroken. On the night of February 2, 1922, the mill guards deliberately and without provocation began firing into houses, many of them occupied by strikers, adjacent to the mill property. The firing lasted all night. I saw homes that were literally shot to pieces with machine-gun fire. Parents with their little children sought refuge behind improvised barricades and in cellars where they were forced to remain in the bitter cold throughout the night. Those who attempted to leave their homes were shot at as they ran through the streets. Sheriff Tieman, who was on the scene when the first shot was fired, told me that it came from the mill, that he did not see a single shot fired from outside the mill, and that the attack was wholly unprovoked.

Again the Governor was appealed to to rush troops. He did. And early next morning when the shooting had subsided and the terror-stricken people crawled out of their cellars and from behind barricades to peer through their bullet-scarred houses, they found the State troops holding the positions that were occupied the night before by mill guards; rifles, machine-guns, and tanks pointing in the direction of the very houses that had been shot to pieces the night before.

The first visit of the militia disgusted the people of Newport; the second visit outraged them. Apparently in an effort to subdue popular feeling a genuine demonstration of militarism was put on. Soldiers paraded through the city streets, followed by army tanks, mounted guns, and ambulances. Citizens were ordered off the streets blocks away from the strike zone. Those who protested were knocked down or hauled off to military headquarters at the steel plant. This demonstration aggravated the situation and aroused public sentiment to a high pitch. It looked as if other reasons for turning over the administration of government to the military without a declaration of martial law would have to be found if the soldiers' stay in Newport was to be at all pleasant. Colonel Denhart, a lawyer and newspaper man of Bowling Green, Kentucky, in command of the troops, declared that the easy acquisition of liquor was to blame in a large measure for strike disorders. Newport suddenly became the rendezvous of thugs, gunmen, thieves, and bootleggers who, it was charged, were being shielded by city and county officials. The Cincinnati *Times Star*, owned by Charles P. Taft, millionaire brother to the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, called upon the "law-abiding citizens" of Newport to clean up their city, which, it was charged, had become a haven for bootleggers and thieves, endangering the peace of Cincinnati as well. The "law-abiding" rallied to the call. The ministers pledged their support to the military authorities. A purification campaign was launched. Raids began on near-beer saloons, clubs, and private homes, wherever the presence of liquor was "suspected."

Curiously enough one of the first to be caught in the military dragnet was County Judge Buten, who a few days before had sent a strong protest to the Governor against the conduct of the military authorities. The judge was in a cafe where he said he had gone to get a signature to a paper involving a transaction with a building and loan association he represented. No liquor was found. But Judge Buten was arrested and charged with conspiracy to violate the prohibition law.

The arrest of Mayor Joe Herman and Commonwealth Attorney Conrad Matz, both of whom had been charged with being too sympathetic with the strikers, soon followed. Matz was a high official in the Moose lodge. The Moose Temple was raided. No liquor was found there, but Matz was caught in the raid, arrested, and charged with conspiracy to violate the prohibition law.

Every public official or prominent citizen known to be sympathetic with the strikers was hounded by the soldiers. Strike headquarters were ordered moved three times, finally being located two miles away from the mills. Union headquarters were raided and meetings, except those of the strike committee, were forbidden. James Phillips, chairman of the strike committee, was indicted on the charge of interfering with interstate commerce and at one time was under bonds aggregating $30,000. Not one of the accused has been found guilty and practically all of the cases have been dismissed.

Violence having failed to break the strike the company resorted to the injunction. One of the most drastic restraining orders ever issued against workers on strike was issued against officers and members of the Amalgamated Association. After a second "occupation" of several weeks the troops were withdrawn; but the forces of the strikers remained intact.

The strike is entering its seventeenth month. Of the original 2,200 men who struck just 176 have deserted. During all this time strike benefits have been paid out of voluntary contributions of other unions and money raised from bazaars. No benefits have been paid by the international union since the Newport members, in the national convention held prior to the calling of their strike, waived all rights to benefits in favor of the men in the Wheeling district who had been locked out.

The response from other locals has been generous. The Relief Committee sometime ago established a commissary which supplies food to the needy. Orders for clothing, shoes, fuel, etc., are placed by the Relief Committee with local dealers fair to union labor. Gas bills, water bills, rent, medical services, payments on building assessments are paid by the committee. Every dollar is judiciously expended and carefully accounted for. But despite the splendid relief work many of the strikers, unable to find steady work in other employment, have spent the savings of a lifetime, and a number of them have been compelled to sell their homes.

During all this time the men could have returned to their jobs if only they would renounce the union and accept employment under individual contracts. The highly skilled men could have returned with recognition of their local if they had been willing to forfeit the recognition of the other locals. They all chose to sacrifice their jobs rather than their principles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Roots of Anti- Semitism

By HORACE M. KALLEN

THERE is today not a Christian country in the world without its modicum of anti-Semitism. This communal passion obtains, indeed, wherever Christianity has reached. Christian sectaries in China or Japan, in India or Arabia participate in it no less than Christian sectaries in Germany or Hungary, in Russia or in the United States. It is present regardless of contrary attitudes, contradictory interests, opposed ideals. It appears in the most unexpected quarters and in the most varied and complicating forms. It justifies itself by the most antagonistic reasons, and it passes from one to another, from any to all, from all to any with the somnambulistic heedlessness of a sleep-walker. Its basis is an emotion. Its origin is a gospel. Its biography is a sequence of rationalizations in which the emotion seeks a publicly acceptable symbol. Its origin, nature, and present behavior present one of the most ironic and revealing chapters in the picaresque tale which makes up the history of the European mind.

The immediate background of present-day anti-Semitism is, of course, the Great War. The soil and matrix of its current forms are the passions which were the life of the war and which did not die when the war ended.

War and battle are acute crises in the life of man. The body is regimented, the spirit is crowded and cornered. Action loses its civilized delicacies, feeling its finenesses. Against surrounding, imminent, ever-nearing death a great anger develops, and a greater fear. The nice balances of peace-time habits break down. Inhibitions break down. Action and feeling become the simple elemental drives and sensibilities of the beast; behavior falls into primary and primitive patterns of defense and offense; thought becomes simplified and infantile.

A condition ensues which has its varieties but the living urge of which is always a dynamic fear, the same in all cases of it. As manifested in individuals this condition has gone by the generic name *shell-shock*. But social groups also are capable of undergoing fundamental disturbances whose animating source is fear and whose compensating emotion is anger. The collective fear projects itself upon the enemy. The enemy becomes really a symbol of the fear he evokes. The deeper the fear, the more evil the enemy. This view of the enemy becomes altogether independent of the facts in the case; the emotion generates its "facts" for itself. Hence the removal or disappearance of the outward cause or occasion for the emotion does not mean the immediate or even quick subsidence of the emotion itself. It grows by what it feeds on, even when it feeds on itself. So the removal, by the peace, of Germany as the evoking occasion of the emotion did not destroy the emotion. It survived and incarnated itself in a new symbol. This new symbol was bolshevism. The bolshevists, the world over, replaced the Germans as the incarnation of ultimacies in evil, and a *Walpurgisnacht* of the cruelties of fear ensued from Viborg to Naples, from Moscow to Washington.

In the course of time bolshevism lost its power as a channel for expression of the war emotion. But new sources of nourishment discovered themselves. Europe had begun to disintegrate. The institutional life of states, their industry, their commerce, their agriculture, their education, and very obviously their governments, were cracked at their foundations and crumbling in their superstructures. If the war emotion was a basic fear focalized by the enemy, the emotion of the peace was the same fear nourished by the disintegration of the customary institutional supports of private life. The peace was a more radical case of community "shell-shock." The community began to fight illusions. One such battle with illusion is anti-Semitism.

Anti-Semitism is a chronic aspect of Christian history. It becomes acute during social crises and subsides in prosperity. The course it runs begins usually at some point of social disturbance where the cause is hidden and the distressful emotion is strong. The Jews are then declared to be the hidden cause, and the emotion is enchanneled by and projected upon this symbol. Although there have been times when the common people, led usually by a Christian priest or monk, have been the initiators of anti-Semitic manifestations, the more customary source has been some disturbed or dislocated beneficiary of social privilege. Anti-Semitism has served very largely as an instrument of the upper classes. Its history in Central Europe during the last four years—from Poland to Rumania—its history in the United States, from Henry Ford to Lawrence Lowell and the Ku Klux Klan, are not exceptions. The obscene tale of the making, the dissemination, the emotional elaboration of the burlesqueries called the Protocols of the Elders of Zion reveal the frightened snarl and melodramatic strut of professional anti-Semites, scattered by political upheaval from all the scrapheaps of privilege of Europe. The matter of interest is not, however, that this nonsense was invented, but that being nonsense it should so readily, so almost inevitably, serve to integrate social fear and malaise. Why are the Jews the perennial devil of the piece?

The answer lies in the Christian religion itself, in the status which Christianity assigns to the Jews and the burden it sets and binds upon them. The answer lies in the role which Christian teaching plays in the make-up of the Western mind.

In broad outline, this teaching has for all sects an identical content, which may be called the Drama or Epic of Salvation. It tells of a first man created perfect and sinless to dwell forever in the bucolic bliss of Eden. This first man was endowed with free will, and through the solicitation of the first woman exercised it, bringing "death into the world and all our woe." For God is just, and man's first disobedience merited no less than eternal death. But God is also merciful, and His mercy tempered His justice. The latter should be satisfied and yet man be saved. To this end it was preordained that a certain group of the human family should be chosen under covenant, for especial communion with God, that among the descendants of this family God should send His only-begotten son to be born, to live poorly, and to die ignominiously upon the cross, a vicarious atonement for Adam's original sin, to be buried and on the third day to rise again and take His place in heaven upon the right hand of God. Then all those who believed this tale and accepted this atonement would be saved from the consequences of Adam's sin. All those who did not believe and refused the atonement would be damned. By the incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection the world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became divided into a congregation of the saved and a congregation of the damned.

The fortunate vessels of God's mercy which was to temper His justice were the Jews. They were the original chosen people. To them God revealed Himself, His law, His purposes. Their history is signalized by manifestations of divine favor. As one of them, finally, the Savior dwelt on earth in the flesh, as man. But the Jews, instead of believing the tale of the Savior, repudiated it. Instead of accepting the atonement, they rejected it. They were made the instruments of His passion and death. Thereupon God's justice manifested itself anew. The old covenant was superseded by a new one, the old testament by a new. Divine favor was withdrawn from the Jews. The Chosen People became the Rejected People. From the crucifixion to the time of the Second Coming, they were doomed to live outside the fellowship of the saved, outcasts and outlaws, the brand of a sort of cosmic Cain upon their brows, their hands against every man's, every man's against them.

In the Christian system, then, the Jews are assigned a central and dramatic status. They are the villains of the Drama of Salvation. The gospel in which they so figure was carried to the farthermost corner of the European world. It became a part of the cultural inheritance of all the races of Europe, imparted equally to peer and to peasant. Nowhere in Europe could there be a village to whose inhabitants the word "Jew" did not denote the Rejected People who had once been chosen, who had denied the Savior and crucified Him, who were thus the enemies of God and of mankind. Whatever else the masses and classes of Europe might not know, the nature and destiny of the Jew they knew. Most of them lived and died without ever exchanging a word with one of the race, but to all of them the word "Jew" was full of evil meaning. This meaning derived from no concrete experience with Jews. It was simply an emotional reaction to their name in the tale—a reaction that might vary from discomfort, repulsion, or malaise to flaming hatred. It was a reaction established in early childhood through the teaching of the most solemn and impressive personalities in the child's small world. The word "Jew" became a stimulus which touched off this emotion. It was aroused by every object and person to which the word was applied. It was a word to curse with.

I have written as if this were all in the past. But it is not. The pattern of the generic Christian response to the word "Jew" is in its essentials the same that it ever was. The teaching is in its essentials the same that it ever was. Anti-Semitism is an organic part of it. How much so, may be observed in those instances of young people who come from communities where there are no Jews but who have an extraordinarily passionate anti-Jewish complex. I have had numbers of such in my classes. I have seen them associate on terms of the warmest intimacy with fellow-students until the students were labeled for them, or labeled themselves, as Jews; and I have had occasion to observe the alteration of attitude which the application of that term to a personality evoked. I have discussed Anti-Semitism with Christianized Chinese and Japanese who had never been exposed to the secondary, non-religious anti-Jewish prepossessions. The reaction seemed in all cases the unconscious response of a habit whose base was the religious preconception—the definition of the central role and status of the Jew in the Christian system.

Wherever this system is taught the preconception is transmitted. People are not conscious of it; it lies in the unconscious subsoil of the mind and gives tone and pattern to their contacts with Jews. Neither experience nor the liberalizing influences of the humaner disciplines, neither science nor higher criticism nor free society seem much to modify its influences. Even the liberal movements in the church itself are without much effect upon it. Rather do all these acquirements become grist for the mill and afford the original feeling new and more modern symbols of expression. In principle and practice the pseudo-science of the brilliant economist Sombart has no different drive from the mythologies of Henry Ford; the vaticinations of Renan and Gobineau have the same dynamics as the phobias of Daudet and Lothrop Stoddard; the hysterical anthropology of Houston Stewart Chamberlain is a rationalization of the same nature as the anthropological mythology of Madison Grant. In even so detached and contemplative a spirit as George Santayana the Sunday-school bogy rose, when Europe was shaken, as a body for the new fear, to explain and assuage it. How many thousands of essentially free minds succumbed to it when inundated at the expense of Henry Ford with floods of anti-Semitic literature—forgeries so clumsy, inventions and lies so palpable that, with any other people as their theme, they would have been thrown into the waste-basket with a laugh! But because the Jews were their theme scores of friends and acquaintances of high intelligence, liberal spirit, radical interests and association have asked me, troubled, whether there could really not be anything in it. Those to whose attention I called the underlying preconception which mothered the question, recognized it upon consideration, acknowledged it, and to that degree were freed of it. For most, it is not so easy. The thing lies too deep and too forgotten. Mr. Heywood Broun, therefore, seems too optimistic for the future of his son. The occasion which evoked his optimism is worth quoting at length, for it is an apt illustration of the point:

> H. 3d informed me that he couldn't play with Margaret any more. We didn't know who Margaret was, and yet the break seemed unfortunate. We asked him why he couldn't play with Margaret any more, and he said "because she is a Jew." Naturally that suggested another inquiry. "Because the Jews killed Christ," said H. 3rd. No, at the present moment H. 3rd is no more intelligent in his attitude toward race questions than the president of Harvard University, and he will be five on his next birthday. . . . Of course H. 3d is going to grow out of all that rubbish. He may pick up catchwords from Ku Kluxers, but after all he is a reasonable human being and we can argue with him and even spank him.

Attitudes that Sunday-schools the world over impart automatically to children at five may be deep buried and forgotten at five and fifty, but they are not extirpated, nor translated. They make a subsoil of preconceptions upon which other interests are nourished and from which they gather strength.

The insurgence of anti-Semitism at Harvard, as everywhere, draws its energy from this subsoil. The case of Harvard is very richly in point, for in most of its features it is a reduplication—Harvardized—of the sordid class-conflict that prevails in the undergraduate society of most American institutions of learning and that goes on in the State institutions as the war of "Greek" and "barbarian." Its very interesting precipitation as a "Jewish question" gives it unique evidential point. Consider. The life of that academy, like the life of all the other endowed insti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tutions of learning in the United States, goes on in two dimensions. One is ostensibly intellectual; the other is social. The first is organized about the classroom; the second is organized about the undergraduate club or fraternity. The classroom form is in the main a disagreeable price which those seeking the social cachet of being "college men" must pay for the privilege of participating in the clubroom form. Undergraduate feelings, interests, and ambitions are integrated by the latter; it sets the standards and establishes the patterns of undergraduate life. This is an antique arrangement maintaining itself victoriously against perennial challenge. The challenge is called democracy, but the necessary basis of democracy, particularly in the academic world, is social heterogeneity and intellectual diversification. Harvard, in the heyday of Eliot's presidency, had plausible claim to being such a democracy. It troubled his successor from the beginning, and the latter's whole policy has been aimed at the restoration of social homogeneity, of something akin to intellectual uniformity.

Harvard College was created to be a sectarian academy whose primary purpose was to breed Puritan preachers, and from the outset, through many generations, Harvard kept up a sectarian homogeneity of students and faculty. The inevitable processes of secularization, the demands of the new learning in science and in industry, diversified the faculty and dispersed it socially. With the student body, however, the new influences worked otherwise. The homogeneity of "Harvard families" was in no relevant sense broken up. The masses of newcomers became simply a heterogeneous aggregate of individuals among whom the aborigines maintained their associations in superior and unbreached detachment. Membership in the clubs was conditioned upon family relations, mitigated by wealth, school connection, and by athletic distinction. In this way the class conflict of the world outside reproduced itself in the college yard.

In recent years there have been added to the categories of this conflict—rich and poor, well-born and plebeian, gentlemen and grind—another pair: native and foreign born. There has been a conspicuous increase in the number of foreign-born students, children of recent immigrants, in American colleges. Of these foreign-born students by far the larger number were Jews. The fact of their being Jews gave the conventional social issue its distinctive twist. Qualities characteristic of an economic grade could be referred to racial origins and sanctioned by the always active, if mostly unconscious, religious prejudice.

And so it was. While the Jews were few in number the discrimination against them was lost in the mass of class exclusions. As their numbers grew the discrimination grew, and grew in the degree that they developed to the full the traits of the most traditional and approved undergraduate social life—minus, of course, the Back Bay. They automatically submitted themselves to the completest assimilation possible, but they found that it takes two to effect an assimilation. Willing as they might be to fuse with the Christians, the Christians would not fuse with them. No clubs, no fraternities, few athletic teams, could find any place for them—with rare exceptions. Willy nilly, whether as amateur Gentiles or natural Jews, they were thrown back upon each other for the fellowship of college life. They created in their own circles what was refused them when they sought a wider one—the clubs, the fraternities, and such, which are the acme of undergraduate society, and they created them and lived and moved in them in the closest possible imitation of the prevailing approved and emulated traditional type.

Of course, the proper sort of undergraduate and professor—those who, in the language of the Hairy Ape, "belonged"—grew scared and disturbed. But for a long time nothing could be done—save by snobbery and innuendo—that would not lead to the public shame of an exposure of the effective overt motives in the anti-Jewish sentiment. After the armistice, action became easier and more plausible. The propaganda of Czarist émigrés, the disseminations of Henry Ford, the association of Jews with "Reds," the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan, the veiled though known and publicly discussed limitations upon Jews at Columbia, New York University, and other universities, provided a sympathetic social atmosphere and an encouraging academic precedent. Accusations of moral inferiority sprang automatically to the lips of their opponents and have not been withdrawn though proved to be false. Then the attack was shifted to the proposition that beyond a certain proportion —15 per cent, precisely—Jews are not assimilable. And so on. Anti-Semitic Europe—Hungary, Rumania, Germany, *et al.*, greeted these declarations with glee, and declared their own practices completely justified by them.

Of course the various rationalizations of his policy offered by Mr. Lowell and his defenders are excuses, not causes, in the case. For the fact is that it is not the failure of Jews to be assimilated into undergraduate society which troubles them. They do not want the Jews to be assimilated into undergraduate society. What really troubles them is the completeness with which the Jews want to be and have been assimilated. As every boy may yet be President, so, though perhaps with less certainty, every poor man's son might yet be a gentleman, and after a certain probation admitted to the society of gentlemen born. But if he is the son, not only of a poor man but of a poor man (or even of a rich) of the people who rejected the Savior and were rejected by God, then his apparition—on his own—in gentleman's guise becomes a mockery, a vexation, and an irritant. Unaware of the unconscious roots in the emotions of ancestral religion men seek to justify this irritation and vexation by varied and contradictory rationalizations. But the root of the special Jewish difficulty is not racial, nor economic, nor caste. It does not arise in connection with any Christian stock involved—whether in America or in Europe—in similar racial or economic or caste differences. The root of the special Jewish difficulty is the position of the Jews in the Christian religion. If you can end this teaching that the Jews are enemies of God and of mankind you will strike anti-Semitism at its foundations.

Contributors to This Issue

HORACE M. KALLEN, now lecturer at the New School for Social Research, has taught at Harvard, Clark, and Wisconsin universities. He is the author of "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy," "Zionism and World Politics," and other books.

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, in addition to her continuous labor on the farm and her political activities, has written for the magazines and is a regular contributor to the *Rural New Yorker*.

PHIL E. ZIEGLER is editor of the *Railway Clerk*, official organ of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farmers First

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THIS session of Congress is ending really on the note of agricultural legislation and on the outcome of the work done by Eugene Meyer, Jr. No career at Washington in my time has been odder and more surprising than Mr. Meyer's.

Most business men get rather suffocated in the air of public life. Perhaps it is a bit too thick with talk for them. They are accustomed to giving orders which they are accustomed to seeing promptly carried out. Days and days and weeks and weeks of parliamentary conferrings, with no orders carried out, and with none even issued, seem to puzzle them and outrage them. They are like fish drawn suddenly up out of the element in which they were happily and efficiently chasing littler fishes and asked please to converse intelligently on the subject of the theory of the organization of salt water. It bores them, and the customary outcome is that with one final indignant gasp they flop over the gunwales of the ship of state and back home to a life of what they feel to be action.

Mr. Meyer came to Washington in 1917 or 1918. He first devoted himself to throwing basic commodities imperiously about from pocket to pocket of the national war game in the fast, firm manner of all the other large business persons who inhabited the offices of the War Industries Board. He then became managing director of the United States Government War Finance Corporation and undertook to see what could be done in the way of using public credit to stimulate our crippled exports—particularly exports of farm products.

His work was suspended in 1920 by the Secretary of the Treasury. It was expected that he would disgustedly stop being a public man and resume being a private business man. But he turned out to be an amphibian.

He went and started a popular agitation away from Washington out in the country. He returned to Washington and took the agitation up to Capitol Hill into Congress. He defeated the Secretary of the Treasury among the Senators and Representatives of the Secretary's own party. He defeated a presidential veto. By a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress the work of the War Finance Corporation was ordered resumed.

Congress is thronged with bills for the rescue of the farmer in the matter of credits. The farmer has already been rescued in the matter of the oppressions practiced upon him by speculators in grain. He has already been rescued in the matter of the iniquities perpetrated against him by the packers. He has been rescued from the folly which denied him a direct representative of his interests on the Federal Reserve Board. He has been rescued from the indignity and danger of having his cooperative marketing societies menaced by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The only remaining rescues of him to be accomplished are a rescue from the railroads and a rescue from the banks.

He unfortunately could not be rescued from the railroads at this session because a discussion of the railroad question would bring out the alliance between certain farmers' societies and the railroad trade unions and would raise La Follette of Wisconsin and Brookhart of Iowa to their feet with an attack on the Railroad Labor Board, and would also raise Couzens of Michigan to his feet with an attack on the efficiency of private railroad management, and would also inspire the whole farm bloc under the leadership of Capper of Kansas to pant for the repeal of large fragments of the Esch-Cummins fundamental "Transportation Law."

In such circumstances President Harding drew back from his long-cherished purpose of improving the "teeth" of the Railroad Labor Board; and Senator Cummins drew back from his long-cherished purpose of "perfecting" the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law—and the farmer could not be rescued from the railroads.

He was all the more rescued from the banks.

Senator Norris came forward with a bill for establishing "The Farmers' and Consumers' Financing Corporation" with a capital of one hundred million dollars of Federal governmental money to be used in dealings in farmers' products and in lendings to farmers and farmers' societies.

Senator Ladd came forward with a bill for establishing "The American Stabilizing Corporation" with a capital likewise of one hundred million dollars of Federal governmental money—but with the additional right of adding to its resources by borrowing five hundred million dollars from the Federal Reserve Banks—and charged with the duty of announcing in the merry spring time the prices it would pay for crops in the melancholy fall time, and of paying them.

On the other hand, among bankers, and among business men generally and among conservative legislators, there had been—and there was—a strong feeling to the effect that existing ways of financing the business of the country ought to be quite good enough for the farmer. Mr. Meyer came forward to make existing ways develop new slants.

He had been a banker. He had gained a fortune; and then, as Director of the War Finance Corporation, he had decided that governmental banking was certainly dangerous but that the existing ways of private banking in the financing of the growing and marketing of farm products were certainly lamentably inadequate.

He had traveled incessantly through all our great crop-raising and cattle-raising regions. He had fought a fight to revive the War Finance Corporation and to resume the use for agricultural purposes of governmental credits, in which he was opposed by a committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, among whose members were Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Company, and Paul M. Warburg. He had fought a fight with the left wing of the farm bloc to prevent the extension of governmental credits to individual rural borrowers. He had become a convert to the soundness and sure future of cooperative marketing.

The flood of rural credits bills kept on accumulating in committee rooms on Capitol Hill. The first to flow across the floor of either house had been jointly developed by Arthur Capper, the head of the farm bloc, and Eugene Meyer, the farm bloc's adopted Wall Street foundling. This bill inserts new glands into our established banking credit system and aims at enabling it to lead a bolder and more useful life in our agricultural regions. It is a rejuvenating bill.

It was followed across the Senate floor by the Lenroot bill. This bill is an innovating bill. It establishes new governmental banking credit institutions and activities. Both bills are now back as I write—in the House. The contest between them is between existing credit ways improved along lines of private enterprise and new credit ways invented along lines of governmental initiative. In any case the session ends with the farmer our central thought and with an international banker doing the central thinking for ruralizing the Federal Reserve System on his behalf.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was returning on a train some years ago from the scene of an explosion in Pennsylvania. A dynamite warehouse had blown up, and the pit that was left had been measured and photographed until the Drifter's curiosity became too much for him and he went to look. On the train he found himself in a double seat with two plump men. One he soon recognized as Mr. Blank, perhaps the most interesting poet in his day; the other looked to be a promoter.

"Well," began the promoter; "how far have you been?" "Not far," said the Drifter, and he explained his errand. "Where are you coming from?" "Been down in Mexico. Got a silver mine down there, and decided I ought to go through it once. It was a deep one. What have you been doing?"—to the poet.

"The same thing." "As him or me?" "Both." "How's that?"

"Each of you went to look into a hole. He admitted his motive to be curiosity, and I'm sure yours was, though you called it business. My business is likewise looking into holes. I'd go anywhere on earth to look into a new one, but it happens that I never have to go very far." "Where do you find them?" "In people now. When I was a boy I used to be interested in holes that anybody could find—a covered bridge, a tunnel, a vacant lot, a cellar, a manhole, a trap door, a hollow tree, a bird's nest, a locked box, a key-hole, a knot-hole, a chimney, an ant-hill—" "Well, and now—in people. Are you a dentist? A surgeon? A fortune teller?" "Not the first two by any means, and nothing so lucky as the last. I merely go about till I find someone with an opening in him—an unguarded passage through which I can see how he works. Everybody can be got into some way, though some have fenced themselves better than others. I prefer the fence to be high. Once I am inside, there are plenty of places vacant through melancholy, fear, indifference, or stupidity. There are alcoves with unique memories in them; and there are avenues along whose curbs run ideas I never heard or saw before, side streets I am the first to explore. Honeycomb—"

"Great Scott! You're a psychoanalyst!"

"His profession is older than that," put in

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Protection plus Equality

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Says Harriot Stanton Blatch in *The Nation* of January 31: "It is the welfare worker who holds up to them [working women] the inferiority complex."

In Mrs. Blatch's mind I am no doubt a welfare worker; in my own I am a working woman who has been engaged in industry for a good many years and who lays claim to knowledge of the lives of many other working women, both operatives and executives. If Mrs. Blatch could talk with any of the members of our organization I am sure she would acknowledge that at least one welfare worker exists who has not wrapped women in "cotton wool" and who has held up to them anything but the "inferiority complex." She would also, in all fairness, acknowledge that she has found an organization where women are actually given an opportunity equal to that of men.

And yet, because our Ohio laws do not permit women to work over fifty hours a week, when men's hours are unlimited, and although there are other laws affecting our women workers which do not affect our men, we have never found the advancement of our women in the least retarded by these facts. Nor are our women regarded as "spavined, broken-backed creatures." They are fully as self-reliant and as spineful as any members of the Woman's Party, I feel safe in asserting.

But this is no occasion for venom or pugnacity. The bald facts are simply that for every woman worker whom the Woman's Party produces as an objector to protective legislation for women, I could produce ten in support of it. It all depends on whether we regard "women workers" as those belonging to a few isolated groups or whether we regard them in a broader sense as including the thousands of women working at spindles and looms and power machines and in candy factories and box factories and other places employing large numbers of women. If I were not myself employed in a factory where a thousand women work and if for many years I had not worked on the ground floor of industry, I would not challenge the statements of Mrs. Blatch. But when she infers that the delegates who attended the recent conference called by the Women's Bureau in Washington were not "women workers" and were therefore incapable of expressing valid opinions on protective legislation, I must beg the privilege of vigorous disagreement.

Cleveland, Ohio, February 5 MARY B. GILSON

Some Thoughts on the Prize Poem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was a surprise and shock to read the poem "King David," printed in your issue of February 14—a common, ribald, drunken thing, totally unworthy of a place in *The Nation*, with its high standards. I regret that I have had such an experience.

Philadelphia, February 12 H. G. RITCHIE

From One Who Also Ran

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you will allow me to say that I believe your decision and award can scarcely fail to be almost universally satisfying. I believe even those who may have had a selfish interest in another direction will concur in your judgment that "King David" is a poem of markedly superior distinction. The elements of spirited narration, psychological insight, and robust beauty are all there—in a most artistic blending, it seems to me. But you know this, of course. Hence the award.

Morristown, N. J., February 11 DAVID MORTON

Another Constitutional Amendment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this time of dissolving political parties it might be useful to formulate a platform upon which a new party could be based. I inclose a suggestion for such a platform, which has the particular merit of having only one plank.

Congress shall have power to limit the size of individual and corporate fortunes. Enough wealth shall be confiscated to pay the national debt and the expenses of the government for one year. After the debt is paid the limit may be adjusted so that the government will obtain enough revenue for its business.

This shall be the only source of revenue. All other taxes and revenue laws shall be void within two years from the day this amendment shall have been ratified.

I realize that there would be considerable opposition to such a plank. But it seems to me that all labor, organized and unorganized, and all farmers would vote for this amendment. Every Southern State and most of the Western States would vote for it. And if it passed, the men of wealth would not be so anxious to support a large standing army nor would they want any more war debts.

Springfield, Massachusetts, December 5 S. M. JONES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Glow-Worms

By DOROTHY WYCKOFF

I wish that you and I could find again
  The misty magic of one summer night
  When all the grass was filled with the delight
Of crickets, and the sleepy slur of rain;
And under dripping leaves along the lane
  The eerie fires of glow-worms were alight—
  Cool little flames, mysteriously bright,
That wet and clear would burn, then softly wane.

And kneeling in the fragrant fern I sought
  A tiny living ember, dropped it lightly
    Into your close-cupped, eager hands—a spark
  You scarcely felt, yet held its radiance tightly,
Moon-fire between your slender fingers caught . . .
    But afterward you lost it in the dark.

Books

A Survival

The Evening Post. A Century of Journalism. By Allan Nevins. Boni & Liveright. $5.

NAPOLEON once asked the Abbé Sieyès what he did during the French Revolution. "I survived" was the sufficient response. It comprehends the history of the New York *Evening Post*. Born of the bitterness that attended the establishment of government by parties in the United States, it has survived the mutations of ownership, policies, and prejudices, having lived since November 16, 1801, to become the oldest metropolitan daily published continuously under the some name. Although the *Post* is twenty-one years older than the century implied in its title, Mr. Nevins's narrative deals essentially with a one-man publication, detailing the hundred years when intellect, instead of organization, made successful newspapers and before the "syndicate" system turned them into journalistic tables d'hote. Founded by Alexander Hamilton and a group of associates to defend the hard-pressed Federalists from the assaults of the Jeffersonian press, it found for an editor William Coleman, a young lawyer from Massachusetts, who was making slow headway in New York. News was a negligible factor, not only then, but for many years to come. There existed no machinery for its collection and the contents of the daily journal, so far as the reader went, consisted mainly of grievances. Coleman was devoted to his cause and his patron, but by no means in servitude. He wielded the lash with a ready sympathy that needed little prompting. Yet he had a side for gentler things. He took kindly to Washington Irving, and the delicious hoax that announced the coming of the "Knickerbocker History of New York" appeared in the *Post*. Here, too, at Mr. Coleman's instance, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake radiated with the Croaker papers, sounding a lightsome note that still echoes. The rest was politics and much of it. The saviors of the country took their task heavily to heart. As Coleman's powers waned he acquired a needed assistant in 1826—a precocious young poet, William Cullen Bryant, who was soon to be the controlling force. He labored tremendously. The yard-long editorial prevailed and the muse in the editor's system rarely sang for his readers. Indeed, he gave sledge-hammer blows. Some fell with force on Colonel William L. Stone, the learned historian and editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who replied with a horsewhip under the horrified eyes of Philip Hone, the genteelest of all New York's mayors. For this roughness, there seems now small excuse. But in its rapid growth New York ran away from the culture of the twenties and kept it at a distance for sixty years. Bryant could be constructive even in a town where the pigs were so numerous in the streets as to upset carriages, where the volunteer firemen were incendiaries and pillagers, and where the aldermen were shocking examples of corruption. He was the father of the agitation that brought us Central Park, he opposed "interests" in banking and business, he stood sturdily for free trade, and fought the extension of slavery to the new lands of the West. As the fading of Federalism made him a follower of Andrew Jackson, so the capture of the Democratic Party by the slaveholders turned him into a Republican. Much history is mangled in its making by newspapers, but they also aid in shaping it. Mr. Bryant looms large in the affairs of the nation and of the press. Yet he kept personally aloof from politics and his fellow-journalists. He never met Horace Greeley, with whom his career ran parallel, regarding him as a "blackguard" from the day in 1849 when the editor of the *Tribune* addressed a few remarks to him, beginning: "You lie! villain, wilfully, wickedly, basely lie!" As for the enterprising James Gordon Bennett, the elder, he was a blot on the landscape!

Staffs were small, reporters negligible. Bryant had but one strong editorial helper, William Leggett, who served him during an absence in Europe, in the thirties, and really pitched the key that prevailed for eighty years in the *Post's* policy. This about wrecked the advertising, but gave it readers and fame, attracting the attention that has so long endured. Later came Charles Nordhoff, with his vast experience and virile pen. Parke Godwin, becoming Bryant's son-in-law, and part owner, was a forceful factor when he cared to exert himself. Bryant's death in 1878 gave him a three-year control. This was sold to Henry Villard in 1881. Then began the *Post's* golden age, intellectually, with Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin, and Horace White as its editors. Schurz retired after two years and Mr. Godkin became the responsible head. As founder of *The Nation* in 1865 he had substituted the rapier and the scalpel for the bludgeon in American journalism and never gave opiates. He could goad a victim into a fury for which there was no relief in words, and yet so skilfully were his criticisms framed that to others they gave keen delight. If he could not construct he could correct, which after all is an important attribute. Where he failed in the latter faculty he served effectually as a counter-irritant. It was during the Godkin era that the *Post* became the first American newspaper in literary criticism, due to the guiding care of Wendell Phillips Garrison, brother-in-law to Mr. Villard. Letters owe his memory a deep respect.

Mr. Nevins makes it quite plain that the *Post* could have made a wider appeal had Mr. Godkin manifested any regard for the news side of the paper. He rarely read beyond the first page or the one opposite the editorial. Reporters did not interest him. The editorial writer may create a newspaper's influence, but it is the reporter who brings the readers upon whom this influence is to be exerted. It evidently gave Mr. Godkin pleasure to be remote from the general public, though he was socially inclined and not at all chary of meeting men of his class. His policy of deprecating the success of such newspapers as contrived to reach the masses through rudimentary methods was narrow. It is better to catch the interest of readers by reaching their level, in the hope of lifting them up, than to never come into contact with them. Least of all should they be despised. That they improve and graduate is easily demonstrated by a study of the circulation charts of the larger journals. To keep the readers whose taste begins to revolt and to capture those with fresh appetites is no easy task. A good many popular publications have gone to the wall because unable to solve this problem.

Of the first hundred years the author gives a minute record, but is hurried with the overrunning twenty-one. The days following the retirement of Mr. Godkin in 1900, including those of his successor, Rollo Ogden, are briefly sketched. They are too near for dissection. Oddly the paper which had its origin in a syndicate has now returned to the hands of another, hoping to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preserve an institution which fared badly under its last individual owner, who took over the Villard interests in 1917.

Mr. Nevins is often negligent in the matter of initials and should not have called the learned Charlton T. Lewis "Charlton M." Nor did Thurlow Weed ever edit the *World*, as stated on page 356.

DON C. SEITZ

Genevieve Taggard and Other Poets

For Eager Lovers. By Genevieve Taggard. Thomas Seltzer. $1.25.

Eight More Harvard Poets. Edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Hillyer. Brentano's. $1.50.

Banners in the Dawn. Sixty-four Sonnets. By Vincent Starrett. Chicago: Walter M. Hill.

Finders—More Poems in American. By John V. A. Weaver. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD'S first volume places her among the considerable poets of contemporary America, and promises, if other volumes follow as good, to place her permanently there. Everywhere save in the longer poems, which are inferior, she combines the three gifts which need only to be combined to insure success: passion, lucidity, and thorough technical competence.

Her passions are those of a lover, but they are also—and this has come to seem inevitable in an American poetess—those of one who likes sometimes to escape from love. The will is sudden and strong in her to live alone with the sea, to penetrate and identify herself with vegetation, wind, and heat, to love, that is to say, impersonally and abstractly. All of this expresses itself with unexampled clarity. Lightning and waves and the outlines of hills slice themselves from Nature with clean strokes. The oldest of themes—fatigue, fear, rebirth, comfort, and ecstasy—speak with a lithe, individual accent. Water is intelligent under this eye and the air is pleasantly conscious of itself. Serene reflection, profound observation approach us through just and beautiful images. The seasons pass as large as life but as definite as one black branch. It is easier to describe than explain the technique that creates these illusions. One can do no more than say that everywhere the touch is delicate and varied and right. The phrases are rich with meaning yet transparent from emotion—the emotion of an artist. Moods are pricked into the page with steady dexterity, and ideas are completed in sentences of just the proper weight. No single quotation would justify so much praise, but the volume will.

"Eight More Harvard Poets" is the eighth anthology of Harvard verse since "Verses from the Harvard Advocate" was published at Cambridge in 1876. It is very much of our time, and most of it is admirable, though of course young. Norman Cabot is an intellectual adventurer who walks abroad in somewhat too showy a dress—big, pessimistic boots and impudent doublet. He is speculative and reckless like Rupert Brooke, with a nihilism that is no less attractive because it fails to convince. Grant Code is a brilliant poet, remarkably an adept in that method which invokes moods without naming them, purely by appeal to objects around—stone and light, water and strange flowers. He controls a musical line with some subtlety. Malcolm Cowley is very free, with a wide range of poetic conceit. His themes are sensational, and he attacks them with all the ruthlessness of a knight who has given an oath to Lady Psychology. In Jack Merten college poetry returns to the neat and the scrupulous. Fancy's shy wing has left its powder on his pen. The other four writers are clear and intelligent, but seldom distinguishable.

Mr. Starrett tries to see a sonnet in everything, even when one is not there; and sometimes, indeed, one is not. At least he has not always got the thing into the sonnet. His lack of discrimination among subjects is commendable, for it argues a personal energy, a self that can be flung into all kinds of experience, high, low, left, and right. But there should be discrimination as to treatment, and Mr. Starrett often lacks that. His embrace of the universe at the worst moments reminds one of a bear trying to hug a mountain. The gesture is generous but the response negligible. He has been content with standard attitudes and enthusiasms when he might have felt his way to expression through difficult new alleys. Half a dozen of his hearty sonnets, however, require to be praised, and at least one, *Cricket, may be quoted:*

> "The cricket sings upon the—No! not that!
> I have no hearth where haply he may sing.
> Pity for one who marks the planets swing
> From the high window of a city flat!—
> A pigeonhole where careless circumstance
> Thrust me away some dozen years ago,
> Forgetting to return. And time is slow . . .
> And I am through with casual romance.
>
> "The cricket sings: I cannot place his song,
> But of my restless thought he is a part.
> Deep in some secret crevice of my heart
> He has found bed and board. And time is long . . .
> And I would miss that cheerless, cheerful theme,
> Lone obbligato to my lonely dream."

Most of Mr. Weaver's content is as common as his lingo, and that, all admit, is sadly common. It ought to be significant of his power that the poems in "English" here are empty. Denude the poems in "American" of their vulgarity and little is left, except an occasional poignancy which is independent of idiom. Then, as always in passable poetry, it does not occur to us to wish the language different. In their context the following lines are of such a sort:

> "Well, the next night I goes down to her house
> And takes her to a movie. Just by luck
> It was a pitcher that was kinda good;
> It had some laughs, and yet it had some tears,
> And some way made us feel we knew each other."

The rest is rubbish.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sewer and Turnpike

English Local Government: Statutory Authorities for Special Purposes. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green and Company. $8.25.

AT the recent British elections the Labor candidate for a mining district of Durham was one of the "intellectuals" of the party. His Conservative opponent, thinking to poke fun at his qualifications to represent the workers, challenged him to a coal-hewing contest. Mr. Webb replied that, according to the laws of the duel, it was for the party challenged to choose the weapons. When he fought he fought with his head, and he therefore suggested to his rival that they should see which of them knew most about Durham and its miners for the past thousand years, to be tested by the production of a thesis which might be submitted to the University of Durham for the degree of Doctor of Laws.

In such a contest Mr. Webb—for whom the electorate showed its preference by a vote of 20,203 to 8,315—would easily have been the victor. There is no man living who is more competent to break new ground in historical investigations, especially those concerned with social and industrial conditions. In this volume he and his wife have completed a veritable *magnum opus*—a study of the development of English local government from the Revolution of 1689 to the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835. It is a magnificent piece of work, which will be a landmark in the progress of research into English institutions.

The previous volumes have dealt with the parish, the county, the manor, and the borough. Mr. and Mrs. Webb now address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves to the little-explored topic of the multiplicity of local authorities—known as statutory authorities for special purposes, because they were *ad hoc* bodies created by separate acts of Parliament—which discharged important designated functions. During the century and a half covered by the inquiry, these local acts constituted the greater part of the legislative output of Parliament. They numbered in all something like 10,000, and they established or regulated no less than 1,800 separate bodies in different parts of the country. No wonder that the authors of this book were at first daunted by "the portentous magnitude and the repulsive aridity" of their material. It was an unexplored field, which previous historians had entirely neglected. Yet the subject was one of first-rate importance. It was these statutory authorities that brought in the paid staffs of officials out of which has sprung the modern municipal Civil Service; that developed the essentially English system of administration by elected committees directing the professional staff; and that became the pioneers of municipal control of such matters as police, sanitation, and other amenities of urban life whose cost is met out of the "rates" or local taxes.

There were four classes of these authorities—the Commissioners of Sewers, the Incorporated Guardians of the Poor, the Turnpike Trusts, and the Improvement Commissioners. To each of these Mr. and Mrs. Webb devote from fifty to a hundred pages. Their account of the courts of sewers begins with a graphic picture of the vast extent of country which, even down to the end of the seventeenth century, was made up of fens and marshes. (The word "sewer," by the way, did not acquire its present malodorous meaning until the nineteenth century. Its original definition was "a fresh water trench or little river, encompassed with banks on both sides.") These courts had jurisdiction over matters concerning land drainage and embankments within the areas allotted to them. There is a fine archaic flavor about the designation of some of them; e.g., the Lords of the Level of Romney Marsh, a body which continues until the present day. In Somerset and elsewhere the sewers were controlled by standing juries, probably the survivals of some primitive organization for defense. The records of the metropolitan courts of sewers present—like so much of the local government of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—a curious and full-flavored story of inefficiency and jobbery. For forty years the Westminster commission was in the hands of two families of contractors, to whom all the contracts were given, without publicity, without competitive tendering, and without any check upon the prices charged.

In the incorporated guardians of the poor Mr. and Mrs. Webb discern the origin of the principle of combining a controlling elective power with a paid executive which has become the dominant feature of the constitutional structure of English as distinguished from American forms of local government. Their account of the work of these bodies is a valuable contribution to the history of English methods of dealing with pauperism, but is of less general interest than the next section, relating to the turnpike trusts. Of these there were, by 1835, over 1,100 simultaneously in existence. They levied an annual revenue of more than £1,500,000, accumulated a debt of £7,000,000, and administered 23,000 miles of road. Their minutes, where preserved at all, are mostly hidden away in attorneys' offices.

The "King's highway," it seems, was originally not a strip of land or any corporeal thing, but a perpetual right of passage in the Sovereign for himself and his subjects over another's land. This right of way, if much frequented, became a beaten track, but until the end of the seventeenth century was used almost exclusively for foot traffic, of man or beast. The obligation to maintain such a highway was cast upon the parish, and was assumed to be fulfilled, down to 1835, by the system of six days' forced labor, to be rendered by all householders. The soft tracks which satisfied earlier needs were unequal to the strain placed upon them by the through traffic of wheeled vehicles—wagons, carts, coaches, post-chaises, etc. Thereupon one locality after another petitioned Parliament to permit the taxation of the users of the road. Hence the turnpike and its toll, and the establishment of turnpike trusts, which were at first regarded as only a temporary device, designed to cope with the exceptionally ruinous state into which particular bits of road had fallen.

One defect of this system was that the roads of the country became a strange patchwork. Whether a certain stretch was passable or not depended, not on the national importance of this particular link, but on local initiative and public spirit. The experiments of the more enterprising officials, usually men without any engineering knowledge, led to an amazing variety of shapes and surfaces, some of them extraordinarily fantastic. The authors give a diverting account of the ingenious attempts made to evade the payment of toll, and of the means by which the trustees endeavored to protect themselves against such evasions. The multiplicity of exemptions and abatements allowed to favored trades and individuals aroused keen resentment, and helped to provoke the famous turnpike riots. Another abuse was the farming out of the collection of the tolls, and sometimes also of the maintenance of the roads, which led to many frauds and exactions. Their reckless finance, too, brought many of the trusts into hopeless bankruptcy. Nevertheless the turnpike trusts rendered a great service to the community and brought about an immense improvement in the condition of the roads. Attempts to consolidate them into a national system failed, Parliament refused to renew the terms of many of the trusts as they expired, step by step the management of the highways was transferred to new district and county authorities, and finally in 1895 the last of the road functions of the parish and the last of the turnpike trusts alike came to an end.

The fourth class of statutory authorities for special purposes consisted of the improvement commissioners, whose establishment was the starting-point of the great modern development of city government. The account of their work is introduced by a truly appalling picture of urban conditions during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Within a quarter of a century after the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 their functions—paving, lighting, cleansing, policing, and so on—had been taken over by the town councils.

The last hundred pages of this book are devoted to a useful survey of the whole investigation which is recorded in detail in this and the three preceding volumes. The authors first analyze, with sufficient illustration, the main principles inherited in 1689 from previous centuries and embodied in the local institutions of the eighteenth century. These were (1) the obligation to serve gratuitously in the discharge of local public duties; (2) vocational organization as the basis of government; (3) the principle of co-option; (4) the freehold tenure of profitable office; (5) the conception of property as an indispensable qualification for the exercise of authority; and (6) the predominance of local customs and the common law as the basis of the whole. The older institutions were gradually transformed by new ideas. The industrial revolution not only doubled the numbers, altered the geographical distribution, and profoundly changed the status and the circumstances of the English people, but also laid the foundations of modern democracy. It stimulated the new conceptions of political liberty and personal freedom which had arisen in connection with religious nonconformity, were subsequently manifested in and advertised by the American and French revolutions, and were incorporated in Great Britain in the administrative and legislative projects of the Utilitarian school of social philosophy. Mr. and Mrs. Webb follow up their analysis of the new principles with a summary of the effects of the reforms of 1832-1836 and a concluding outline of the progress made in local government during recent years. The full story of the final stages—the "fascinating evolution of parish and borough and county into the local government of today"—they must "regretfully leave," they say, to be recorded by younger students. These future investigators will, at any rate, start with the advantage of possessing an almost perfect model on which to pattern their own work.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Flippant Critic

Human Nature in the Bible. W. L. Phelps. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE charge is common that the Bible is ceasing to be a part of the living culture of the modern world. It has not passed wholly from Sunday School or sermon; but in the former it can be considered only in an immature way and in the latter it is rarely more than a pretext for a homily. Occasionally the modern reader has hoped that a great humane book on the Bible would bring that mass of human record livingly into the context of modern life. Significant among such books was Sir James Frazer's "Folk Lore in the Old Testament"; but those tremendous tomes are, despite an invaluable suggestiveness in many connections, weak on the philosophical, the humane side, as perhaps one should have expected from the author of that vast jungle of erudite digression, the "Golden Bough." Readers who know the repute Professor Phelps has earned as a penetrating and humane critic of literature may have looked to his little volume to supply something on the larger and higher culture expressed in Hebrew literature.

They will be deeply disappointed. His book proves to be a paraphrase of the Old Testament matter, with comment and *obiter dicta*, occasionally penetrating and helpful, often dismally platitudinous, almost uniformly flippant in tone. There is nothing on the New Testament or the prophets, save Isaiah. It is strongest on the wisdom literature and poetry—for instance, a good note on Semitic dislike of dogs, and suggestive *paragraphs on pessimism* and the love of life. But to whom can this comment on the third commandment be significant?

"Never was this commandment more needed than in the twentieth century. Swearing is instinctive in human nature; all men are naturally cursers, but that does not make them admirable. There has been an enormous increase in swearing within recent years. Of all habits, it is the most difficult to break."

Yet this is a topic precisely suited to humane modern comment: did the commandment in original intent apply to profanity, or to the sorcerer's use of names? The significant comment would be that on the mystic importance of names in primitive—and indeed in modern—thought. One imagines splendid pages that might be written on the history and psychology of profanity; something comparable with eloquent pages in "The Soul of the Indian" by the Sioux, Charles Eastman.

Can the apologetic lines from Browning printed as preface really be adequate apology for many pages in this vein?

"Like almost all men, Moses failed as an after-dinner speaker, as we learn from his lack of success immediately after the fall of the manna."

"Throwing the javelin seems to have been Saul's favorite indoor sport, though he was an indifferent shot. . . ."

It would seem as if the modern college professor, in his desire to treat this greatest book of the world as a man of the world, could only show his freedom from a superstitious textuál respect by a jaunty general disrespect; and, to offset the impression that the Bible is dull, had to give the impression that it is a lark or a scream. Here is Professor Phelps's comment on the story of Jephthah's daughter.

"Before her death she went upon the mountain with other young girls to bewail her virginity. . . . Just what she was bewailing I did not fully understand when I first read the story in my childhood, but I was impressed by it, and still more impressed by the sensation I caused in a room full of people one evening when I regarded my maiden aunt, who for some reason seemed to be depressed, and suddenly in a general silence I shot this question at her: 'Are you bewailing your virginity?'"

What bit of literature could call more clearly for a comment on the ideal of virginity and that of maternity in human society: why in the 11th-century Hebrew culture, as in 5th-century Greek, it was accounted tragic to die a virgin; and what influences substituted, for medieval thought, the ideal of virginity that flowered so exquisitely in life and literature? Professor Phelps knows as well as any one else the opportunity here for suggestive literary comparison, from the noble lines of Antigone down to the modern fiction he commands so thoroughly; yet he dismissed the matter with an impish anecdote. The college teachers of literature have given us no great humane book on the Bible: perhaps it requires a combination of poet and philosopher such as Mr. Santayana.

H. L. SEAVER

Ervine's Impressions of His Elders

Some Impressions of My Elders. By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THIS is a book of very uneven value. Mr. Ervine's essays give in an informal and essentially readable fashion his "impressions" (a word vague enough to cover a multitude of sins) of the writers who guided the opinions and were the heroes of the younger men of England and Ireland in the early twentieth century. Quite naturally, by far the best of the papers are on Irishmen—Æ, Moore, and Yeats. Of these three Mr. Ervine writes delightfully, often wittily, giving us new light on their personalities, and some acute judgment on their work. Of Wells and Shaw he writes with admiration and affection, but although his analysis of their philosophy is sound he does not make them live for us as people, and his is so obviously the average judgment of today on these two men that one can only too easily agree with it. The essays on Arnold Bennett and Chesterton, however, make one disagree violently with Mr. Ervine's preface in which he states that "any (contemporary) impressions of men of quality and genius have value." I can see no value whatever in reprinting these papers too evidently written to pad a series of magazine articles. The magazine publication also probably accounts for much that is repetitious, obvious, and loosely constructed in the book. It cannot excuse, however, Mr. Ervine's habit of basing a whole critique of a writer on the detailed analysis of one preface, one play or one novel, a method which leads him to draw some superficial conclusions on the work of Bennett and Galsworthy, which one doubts whether he himself really believes.

But there are many points at which we must be grateful to Mr. Ervine. We must cherish the memory of Æ exclaiming as he points to a shining fairy figure in one of his own paintings, "That's the one I saw!" and agree that he is "Blake pretending to be Sir Horace Plunkett. Or Walt Whitman pretending to be President Wilson," for Æ's interest in the cooperative movement comes second to his passionate belief in the Shining Ones. The picture is enlightening, too, of George Moore, angry and dismayed at the news of the Battle of Jutland, realizing for the first time that men and women "do feel and suffer and bear loss," yet suggesting as the practical political solution of the war problem the impeachment of Asquith, the restoration of the Coronation Oath, and the abolition of all dogs. But Mr. Ervine shows us very clearly that Moore's simplicity is not that of a trifler or a buffoon, but rather "the immense and dissolving simplicity of the man of genius" and that the main point about him is that he is an "utterly unthwartable artist" who in spite of his fabled outrageousness, in spite of his regard for private property but not for private feelings, has by the deepest devotion to work and art brought his writing to its perfection.

The portrait of William Butler Yeats is the best in the book. He is shown to be half blind, lonely, uneasy and tired, "a lost man wandering around looking for his period," yet one who thinks too much and feels too little, a self-centered man who can talk to an audience but not to an individual, a man of "great spiritual loveliness but curiously little humanity." I am not able to agree with Mr. Ervine that Yeats has more of "pure poetry" in his work than any other poet, including Keats and

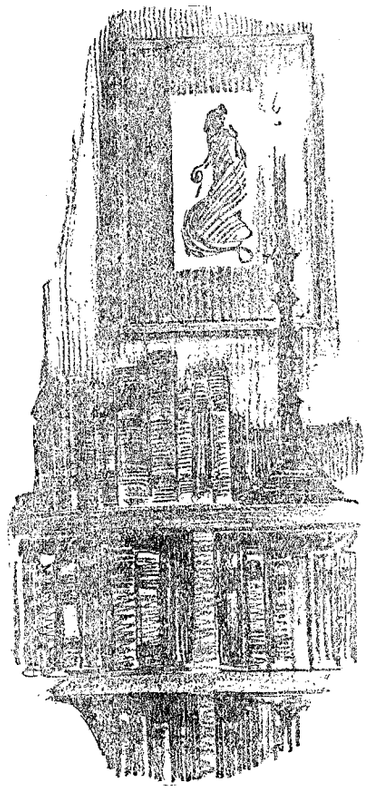
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McDevitt-Wilson's
BOOKSELLERS
Hudson Terminal
30 Church Street
New York

ORIENTALIA
The Only Shop in America Dealing Exclusively in Books on the East
The following catalogues and lists may now be had free on application:
Japan, Past and Present
China and Things Chinese
India and Its People
Religions of the East
Oriental Music and Dancing
A List of Gift Books
Arts and Crafts of Asia
Books Dealing Mainly with the Pictorial Art of Japan
Books at Reduced Prices
Shop Open from 10 to 6:30 the year around
ORIENTALIA
22 East 60th Street New York City

PARK BOOK SHOP
Old and New Books
Bought and Sold
A Large Collection of Sets
120 EAST 59th STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE PLAZA 8027

We Announce
THE opening of our Little Book Shop and Circulating Library where you may sit in a Windsor chair at a log fire and be served tea from a steaming Samovar from 9 to 9.
LIEBER & LEWIS BOOK SHOP
19 Barrow Street, New York



BOOKS
To our Readers:
If there is any book you want, no matter how old, no matter how new, you can get it at one of these shops.

WANTED
Sets of Modern Language Notes, Journal of English and Germanic Philology, Modern Language Review, Romanic Review, Englische Studien, and other literary and critical journals, University studies in literature and philology, annotated critical editions of English authors, Publications of Early English Text Society and other learned societies. Address
Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn.

Visit
HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
New York's most convenient
BOOK SHOP
471 FIFTH AVE
OPP. LIBRARY

Brentano's
NEW YORK
5th Ave at 27th St
Booksellers to the World
Mail-Telephone Cable-Telegraph
ALL BOOKS
ALL LANGUAGES

BOOKS IN ALL LANGUAGES
Established 1856
SCHOENHOF'S
Schoenhof Book Co.
Monthly list sent on application
Catalogue in all languages
ASK ABOUT OUR BOOK CLUB
387 Washington St.
Boston, Mass.

A Catalogue of
INCUNABULA
EARLY PRINTED BOOKS
EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE, etc.
Will be sent on request
W. A. GOUGH, 41 E. 60th St., N. Y.

Shelley, probably because I would disagree with him on the definition of "pure poetry," but I do agree with his final judgment that there is much more that is national than that is universal in Yeats's work, but that also, in spite of being Ireland's greatest poet, he has meant little to his people because of his disdain of human kind.

Mr. Ervine checks up his Irish writers constantly by what they have or have not done for Ireland. Yeats is too much aloof, he does not use his critical faculties for his country, Æ fails to give his people the sense of proportion he might have, Moore has helped to maintain the legend that Irishmen are without a sense of responsibility. Perhaps this is why St. John Ervine himself takes every opportunity that offers in these essays to berate the Irish for their treachery, brutality, self-pity, greed, and cruelty. Many of his strictures are just but it is a pity that at times his tone grows so shrill, his conservatism so strident that one almost doubts his statement, "I am as Irish in my origins and emotions as any man." He denies his people any high-mindedness simply because they are dominated by his bugbear—"peasant ideals." Surely if Mr. Ervine were at all Irish in his emotions he would claim that the very fact of being dominated by idealism, be it of peasant or aristocratic brand, is something of which a nation may well be proud.

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

The Two Schildkrauts

WE have many gifted actors on our stage. It is possible in one's mind to run over the offerings of a given season and pick out performances, sometimes in quite minor parts, that are astonishingly veracious and eloquent. But if one gets in touch with these actors and actresses one finds, nine times out of ten, that they practice a sharply isolated virtuosity, that they have little care for the quality of the plays in which they act, that their relation to dramatic literature, to the mind of the dramatist, is accidental and frail. They do not think of themselves as memorable interpreters of masterpieces but as abstract virtuosi. They do not wish to be remembered by their roles, but their roles to be remembered by them. In some measure, at least, the condition of our stage on its average plane is to be attributed to the unliterary temper and attitude of the American actor. I sat, not long ago, beside one of the most polished and charming of American actors and heard him, with the utmost sincerity, declare a well-intentioned but, in the higher sense, illiterate melodrama to be a masterly work of dramatic literature.

Joseph Schildkraut as Peer Gynt.

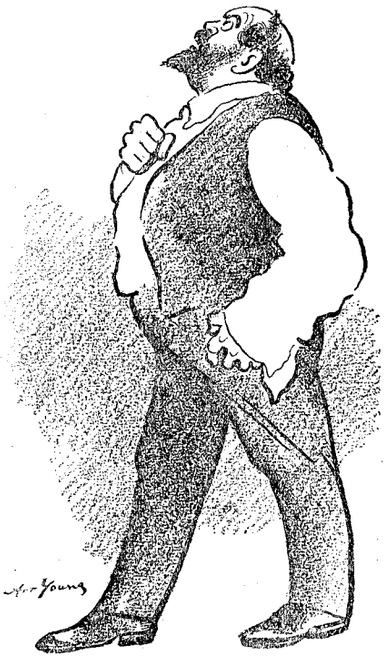
The Schildkrauts, father and son, represent a totally different tradition. They proceed not from the theatrical theater, but from a theater that was and is consciously the instrument on which the dramatist plays; they feel themselves to be implicated with the art and mind of the dramatist and so with the dramatist's substance in life. They live within the drama and interpret it; they do not view it in abstractly histrionic terms. Hence they are, first of all, not specialists in either grateful parts or certain kinds of parts. In Vienna or with Reinhardt in Berlin, they have played through the whole gamut of the modern drama; they have, therefore, run emotionally and intellectually through the whole gamut of modern life. They are, like all deep and genuine artists, primarily concerned with life—life grown articulate, which is art.

The consequence is that they can do apparently astonishing things. Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut who had been, all his life, an actor in the German language, created a Shylock in Yiddish that was a marvel of compact power; he is now giving his first performance in English as Yekel in Sholom Asch's "The God of Vengeance" at the Greenwich Village Theater.

He has an accent. But since the type he plays is wont, in America, to have an accent, he deliberately uses it to thicken the moral atmosphere of his playing. This is technique. What makes his interpretation so magnificently authoritative is something that is beneath and beyond technique. It is the appeal to life, the challenge to reality. Mr. Warfield, to take a comparable case, makes that appeal too. But it is, with him, always in the last analysis, an actor's appeal to life. He imitates and, in order to mark the perfection of his imitation, is guilty of stresses that overstress. The result is a shadow of caricature. Mr. Schildkraut has gotten beyond imitation to identification. He rises on the stage from within life itself. Before his despair and rage in the last act criticism is silent. Identification is complete. The actor disappears. Only the man is left, only life. All veils are rent. Art and life are one.

Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, a generation younger of course than his father, does not proceed so directly from the naturalistic drama and the Brahm-Reinhardt school of acting. He has played naturalistic parts, too, and I hope we shall some day see him as Arnold in Hauptmann's "Michael Kramer." But he grew up among the Neo-Romantics and touched the verge of expressionism before, some years ago, he transferred his activities to the American stage. Through a fortunate early residence in America he is able to play in remarkably pure and eloquent English and the care he has still to exercise serves only to give a rather clear and bell-like quality to his enunciation.

He is now playing the long and arduous title role in the Theater Guild production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" at the Garrick. He, as well as his fellow-players, labor under peculiar difficulties. "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" are, in the original Norse, in rhymed semi-lyrical measures. In the Archer translation the measures are kept, after a fashion; the rhyme is discarded. But to listen to Mr. Schildkraut, especially in the first act, is to gain an immediate insight into the literacy of the school of acting which he illustrates. Despite the loss of the rhyme he keeps and marks the rhythm—especially the difficult and ungrateful rhythm of the trochaic passages—with notable precision, with a natural blending of the two elements of song and speech that are represented here. Like all actors of his kind he, of course, reads poetry beautifully and regards that not as an accomplishment but as a part of his art. Thus Emmanuel Reicher, that distinguished contemporary of the elder Schildkraut, used to give readings from modern lyrical literature and helped to spread the fame of poets—especially of Liliencron—as well as of dramatists. I cannot make my central point clearer than by saying that I know of no American actor who has a comparable interest in lyrical verse, in the texture and tone of beautiful writing. Mr. Schildkraut acts Ibsen's difficult and sufficiently obscure commentary on the commonplace individualist from within its literary and poetic character, from within the whole stream of modern culture to which it belongs.



Rudolph Schildkraut as Yekel in "The God of Vengeance."

The Schildkrauts appeal to life, not to histrionism; they unite with this appeal the knowledge and the instincts of a ripe literary culture which they do not wear ostentatiously or knowingly, but which they regard as fundamental both to their professional and personal lives. It would be easy to go into the details that illustrate the excellence of their acting. It is rather my purpose to point out, through their example, attitudes, characteristics, instincts which, if closely watched and imitated by their colleagues, would markedly heighten and deepen the appeal of the American Theater to those audiences whose praise and attention alone rewards the actor's art.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

Josef Stransky Resigns

THE resignation of Josef Stransky after twelve years of service with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra came as a shock to the followers of the oldest of our American orchestras. That he had been intrigued against for years by cliques in the fashionable world was notorious; certain of our musical critics long criticized him harshly. He was a mere time-beater; he lacked inspiration; Beethoven was beyond him, and the moderns, too; he could not properly accompany soloists; he was not in the same class with Stokowski or Bodanzky, or some one else who in addition to being a good conductor was also a society pet. How could the Philharmonic directors retain him?

Well, they retained him because he took a run-down orchestra and welded it into a superb machine. He proved to be not only a drillmaster, but a splendid one. More than that, the public liked him, and the attendance at the concerts steadily increased. Whereas the subscription lists brought in only $25,000 a year when he took hold, today the subscribers pay in $128,000. That, reply the critics, means nothing; the public always runs after false gods. But some time ago the newspaper critics began to change their tone; grudging praise stole in now and then. He had conducted a splendid concert; the audience had been tremendously enthusiastic. He even led a Brahms symphony well; "Mr. Stransky was at his best last night." The "standing-room only" sign regularly began to appear on Wagner and Tchaikowsky nights—and on others, too. Mr. Stransky's preeminence as a program-maker was admitted by all; no one has equaled him here. And yet now that his contract has expired he is allowed to "resign." The "new crowd" in the Philharmonic has won another victory.

The "new crowd" came in two years ago when the National Symphony Orchestra was amalgamated with the Philharmonic. That was an entirely unnecessary organization started by those opposed to Stransky. Its enormous deficits for the two years of its existence made its fashionable backers ready to merge with the agreement that Stransky should conduct the first half year and Mengelberg the second. Now Stransky is to be succeeded by Van Hoogstraten. The truth has leaked out that one or two wealthy women offered the Philharmonic a large annual stipend upon condition that Mr. Stransky be dropped. As the Philharmonic's deficits are still very large the offer has been accepted. Mr. Stransky goes; the banknotes come in. An admirable conductor, not a brilliant one nor a genius, but a hard-working, high-minded gentleman and musician, who has found his way into the hearts of a large section of the public, is rewarded for his constructive work of twelve years with a year's extra pay and the request that he find another job.

We have dwelt upon this incident because it illustrates clearly the weakness of that system under which our great orchestras are dependent upon our rich men and women for support. If the art really progresses under the rule of these Maecenases it is more or less accidental. Again, the incident illustrates afresh the constant injury done to the cause by cliques. One very rich man has for years supported an orchestra in New York simply and solely because of his interest in the conductor; the orchestra has in no way been necessary for the musical development of the city, which not only has its own orchestra, but is visited by those from Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Boston. When one surveys the duplication of effort, the creation of orchestras by groups merely to give their own favorites an opportunity—like the new City Symphony of New York, conducted by Mr. Dirk Foch—one has to ask oneself whether a municipalized orchestra would not in the long run mean more for the cause of music in America. Certainly, the fate of Mr. Stransky cannot but be a discouragement to all lovers of music and devotees of the orchestral art.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

LECTURES *and* AMUSEMENTS

Harry Weinberger presents
RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT
with The Players Company in
"The God of Vengeance," by Sholom Asch

"A visualized sermon from the Bible."—Dr. Chas. S. Fleisher.
"Magnificent performance."—Stephen Rathbun in *Sun*.
"Tremendous intensity—restrained power—deep feeling."—Burns Mantle in *News*.
"A magnificent performance—as good as anything our theatre has to offer."—Heywood Broun in *World*.
"A superb performance."—Alexander Woollcott in *Herald*.

APOLLO THEATRE
219 West 42nd Street **Bryant 5500**
Special Matinee Washington's Birthday
Regular Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Theatre Guild Productions

R. U. R.
By KAREL CAPEK
FRAZEE THEATRE
42nd W. of Broadway

PEER GYNT
By IBSEN **Music by GRIEG**
GARRICK THEATRE
65 West 35th St.

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street

Feb. 24, 8:30 P.M.....**Charles Zueblin**
"Is Europe Coming or Going?"
Feb. 25, 8:15 P.M.....
Harendranath Maitra
"India's Contribution to Socialism"
Feb. 26, 8:40 P.M..**Henry W. L. Dana**
"Hamlet"
Mar. 3, 1:30 P.M.....**Scott Nearing**
"The Political Outlook"
Mar. 3, 3:30 P.M..**Jesse Lee Bennett**
"After Mencken—What?"

The Invasion of the Ruhr

How does it affect America?

U. S. SENATOR BORAH

will discuss the question
at a

Mass Meeting at Madison Square Garden

Other citizens of national prominence
will also speak

(WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY)
Thursday, February 22, 1923

8 O'CLOCK **DOORS OPEN AT 6**
ADMISSION FREE **MUSIC**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Fomentations in Poland

By A. G. W.

ON December 16, 1922, Gabriel Narutowicz, first President of the newly created Polish Republic, was murdered at the Museum of Art in Warsaw by one Eligius Niewiadomski, a well-known artist and talented writer.

To those intimately acquainted with political and economic conditions in Poland, this expression of political opinion was no surprise. Conspiracy is the vocation of a few, but it seems to be an avocation of two-thirds of the Polish people. Intolerance, pride, bigotry, and dissimulation are the prime requisites for those with political ambitions in Poland—even for the humble citizen whose aspirations do not extend beyond the office of an underpaid clerk or policeman. The disintegration of the political sovereignty of the ancient kingdom of Poland was brought about by the indomitable desire of the Polish aristocracy to rule. Each large land- and serf-owner was a candidate to the Polish throne. This struggle for political domination in Poland is today perhaps more intense than ever and the bill—as always—will again be paid by that third party—the Jew.

Eligius Niewiadomski, the artist, historian, political writer, and murderer of the President of the Republic, brought to trial two weeks after the commission of the crime, delivered an amazing address before the court. In explaining the motives of his criminal act he was permitted by the court to indulge in an inflammatory indictment of the Jewish race in general and the Jews of Poland as exponents of liberal ideas in particular. He had been speaking for hours, and the essential points of his confession were that in killing President Narutowicz he did not intend to kill the person, but the exponent of a political party. The bullet which killed Narutowicz was originally intended for Pilsudski, but since the former head of the state declared that he would not accept the presidency, Niewiadomski was ready to wait with the killing for a successor of the same political creed. For him it was immaterial whether it was Pilsudski, Narutowicz, or anybody else of the Socialist Party. Here are a few excerpts from his speech in his own behalf:

For four years I and my generation have been looking upon the waste of the republic, upon all the insults to her, and upon the most horrible thing which could happen to her: the decomposition of the spirit of all the classes in Poland. I often wondered whence all this emanated; whence this avalanche of wrongs, always connected with socialism? Why do the supporters of an idea which was originally intended to be a religion of justice drag their souls in the mud? Why is it that all reptiles gravitate to the mud? And if we should ask—an investigation of that subject would be very interesting—crooks, knaves, tricksters, and idlers about their religion and political affiliations, we would find that they all belong to the same kind of socialistic organization. That is by no means accidental. Nor is it accidental that we have so many pathological and criminal cases among people of that political creed. Why is it that socialism, in spite of an apparent display of energy, shows so little creative power? All these questions have tormented my mind. Today I have the answer to them. Life and history gave me the answer: Jewry has inculcated into socialism morbid poison and creative impotency.

The era of Utopian socialism was followed half a century later by so-called scientific socialism, which will rightly be called the Jewish era. And history will so call our present era. The period of Marx, Kautsky, and other leaders. Jewry soon realized to what uses socialism could be put once it got it in its hands. The Jews gave to socialism their theories, distributors, agitators, material help, the press, advertising, and the all-round swing. And not in vain. They have imbued that idea with all their racial characteristics and with the elements which have been the cause for the degeneration of the moral value of its rationalism. The Jews have substituted the old romantic ideology with the slogan of the exclusive struggle for material goods and have repudiated practically, if not in theory, the principle of equity, that is, proportional remuneration. They are aware that nothing is so demoralizing as an unearned gain or excessive income easily made. The other element the Jews have brought into the question is hatred as basis for their propaganda; a fighting spirit, vengeance, ill-will, and enmity; animosity between the employer and employee. The class struggle was invented by them in order to destroy the Aryan nations and thus avert racial animosities and struggles.

Niewiadomski's opinion, therefore, was that Pilsudski had the support of Socialists and Jews. In murdering the leader of that majority which was responsible for the present state of affairs in Poland, he intended "to burst the socialistic balloon and thus save the country."

Niewiadomski gave to the court an outline of events during the four years since Poland's resurrection. He declared himself against the "four hundred half-educated legislators" constituting the Polish Diet and expressed his opinion that Poland needed and could be saved only by a strong hand, a nationalistic dictator of strong will, and a decided enemy of all minor nationalities.

The statement of the murderer before the court made a great impression on Marshal Pilsudski, who was lucky enough to escape the bullet of his political adversary. He immediately published in the *Kurjer Polski*, a Warsaw daily paper, the following interview:

I was particularly impressed by the statement of the murderer that he intended to kill me. I had the painful feeling that for me another man—a friend—had to die. And I was struck by the moral aberration of my opponent who so light-heartedly shifted the personal responsibility from one person to another. That is the spirit of the East. That spirit is one of the many phenomena which alarmed me during my four years as chief of the state. From that position one can see many things, and one has enough time to meditate. On the people of this part of the country the influence of the East was most fatal. I do not wish to insult the East. It has its own culture, and I do not claim that that culture is inferior, but it is a different culture. By following absolutism they exclude the individual and wipe out personal responsibility. And such Eastern stigma we have in plenty. I tried to defend the nation against them. As an optimist, longing for normal conditions in our national life, I have been looking for evidence of those characteristic marks of our race which give us good feeling, which augment the forces of the individual and the nation. An alien soul is a dangerous thing.

This stigma of an alien soul exists in all three parts of the country. The humiliating element in that Niewiadomski affair is the mystery of the East in us. I deeply regret the death of my friend, President Narutowicz, whom I wanted to spare from hard work and whose undeserved premature death I have caused.

In this connection it may be mentioned that the Polish National Democratic Party, which counts among its leaders such men as Paderewski, Dmowski, Korfanty, Trompczynski, Glombinski, and others, is said to have collected in the United States more than $300,000 for political purposes, to wit: to defeat Pilsudski and his followers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the Jews Fare in Russia

THAT anti-religious activities in Russia have not been directed solely against the Christian sects is amply testified to in the following correspondence between the assistant official agent of the Russian Government in London and Mr. Lucien Wolf, secretary of the Joint Foreign Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies. On September 11 Mr. Wolf had protested against various government rules in regard to religious practices. The Soviet Government's reply, as received by the Jewish Correspondence Bureau, is as follows:

Separation of Church from State. The prohibition of religious teaching in the Jewish schools of the Soviet Republic of which, according to your statement, the Jewish communities of Russia are complaining, is enforced in accordance with the law of the separation of the church from the state, which law is applied to absolutely every religion. No religion has gained so much from this law, which has destroyed every form of state support of the church and every privilege of individual faiths, as the Jewish religion, adherence to which was in its time a cause for the severest persecution and violation of conscience of individuals.

Anti-Semitic Program Education Stopped. While prohibiting the teaching of the Jewish religion in the Hebrew schools, the Soviet Government at the same time has put an end to the education of millions of children of other faiths in the spirit of religious intolerance and anti-Semitism. While not permitting the utilization of the platform of the synagogue and the rabbinical office for political propaganda and for the incitement of the masses against the Soviet authority (and it was precisely for such propaganda against the Soviet authority that the Gomel rabbi Borishansky was sentenced, although at the same time, taking into account his state of health, the sentence was made much lighter), the Soviet Government has at the same time destroyed the pogrom propaganda which went on in the schools and in a considerable section of the churches and chapels. The law regarding the separation of church from state, the removal from the church of all influence on the state organs, is welcomed not only by freethinkers but also by considerable sections of adherents of all religions, and by all well-intentioned representatives of the various sects.

Law Must Be Observed. Not a single Power in the world can allow its established laws to be broken and an open call to citizens to disregard the laws. During the war thousands of people were thrown into the prisons of England, among them also Jewish workers, whose faith would not permit them to take part in the war. Even now there are in the prisons of all the western states thousands of people for the one crime of having ideas contrary to the interests of the governing classes. The Jewish capitalists sitting in your committee consider this violation of the conscience of citizens (including those of their own faith) quite as in the ordinary course of things. They also do not protest against similar force used against workers (including Jewish workers) on strike in the United States.

The Cheder a Medieval Survival. It is the will of the workers (including also Jewish workers) and the peasants of Russia that the education of the growing generation should be in the spirit of modern science and of the modern critical world philosophy. It removes from the school the priest, the pastor, the mullah, and the rabbi alike. Tens and hundreds of thousands of non-party working men and women at meetings and conferences have been insistently demanding from the Soviet authorities that the law regarding the Soviet schools should also be applied to the Cheder, just as it was applied from the very beginning to the schools of other cults. In scores of public judgments the Jewish laboring masses have passed stern sentences against the Cheder—that survival of the Middle Ages, which wealthy Jews consider sufficiently good for the children of the poor, but to which not one of them sends his own children—and have demanded its total abolition.

The Expropriation of Church and Synagogue Treasures. In the expropriation of church treasures instructions were given that articles essential for religious purposes should be left. The expropriation was carried out everywhere in the presence of representatives of the faithful, who were given the right of appeal. On this ground there were no conflicts in the Jewish synagogues (except a few cases of hiding things).

No Religious Persecution in Soviet Russia. Finally, we cannot help remarking upon your extraordinarily bold assertion that the Soviet Government is taking away from the Jewish population the "consolation and hope of their religion." We will not dwell on the fact that very considerable sections of the Jewish population are more and more decidedly turning away from this "consolation." Thousands and tens of thousands of men and women workers, among them gray-haired men and women, are voluntarily giving up their Saturday holiday, taking part in anti-religious manifestations, and on Saturday, instead of going to the synagogue, going to their factories and workshops. Those Jewish citizens, on the other hand, who still adhere to their religion are not only allowed to practice it openly without hindrance, and to preach it under the protection of the Soviet authorities and of the Soviet laws on the liberty of conscience, but are freed from work on their holy days in Soviet institutions and enterprises. There are no religious persecutions in Soviet Russia, and any of its religious citizens can seek "consolation and hope" in any religion he pleases.

Slanderous Accusations. As for the indignation which the policy of the Soviet authorities in religious questions is alleged to have inspired in the Jewish communities of England and America, the Soviet Government knows very well that its policy is inspiring indignation in the Jewish bourgeoisie and plutocracy to no less extent than in every other. It knows too that Jewish bankers subsidized, with no less eagerness than the Christian bankers, the pogrom-makers and anti-Semites who attacked Soviet Russia and soaked the Ukraine and White Russia in Jewish blood. But the Soviet Government also knows that the Jewish workers, the Jewish poor of all countries, are freeing themselves more and more from the influence of their bourgeoisie and their yellow Socialists, and that they repudiate with contempt such slanderous accusations against the Soviet authority as are contained in your letter.

On January 16, Mr. Wolf made the following protest and reply:

I am directed by the presidents of this committee to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant, embodying a statement of the People's Commissariat for Nationalities in Moscow, in reply to the letter I had the honor of addressing to you on September 11, relative to the persecution of the Jewish religion in Soviet Russia.

The presidents have carefully noted the contents of this statement, which they will submit to an early meeting of this committee. Meanwhile, they observe with regret that, in contrast to your own statement contained in your letter of 27th September, 1922, to the effect that the complaints of this committee were "false and baseless," the People's Commissariat for Nationalities admit in substance the truth of these complaints and hold out no prospect of a mitigation of the sufferings of the Russian Jews.

The presidents feel bound also to protest against the allegation of the People's Commissariat that the persecuting measures of which they have complained are approved by any considerable number of Russian Jews. The great bulk of the Russian Jews are profoundly attached to their religion, and there is ample evidence in the official publication of the People's Commissariat itself that they strongly disapprove and even resist the severe restrictions under which the teaching of Judaism labors.

I am directed to add that a copy of this letter is being communicated to the press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hungarian Siberia

HUNGARY is a small country today, but nevertheless it has its own Siberia. The Hungarian Siberia is not a vast region of isolated settlements; it is a camp only, a few thousand square yards hedged in with wire, in the town Zalaegerszeg, near Platten See. A few Hungarian papers, that of the Social Democratic Party of Budapest and those of the émigrés in Vienna, have printed column after column about the horrors of the camp at Zalaegerszeg; members of the opposition have many times discussed in the Hungarian Parliament the ghastly atrocities committed there, but the Government has taken no action. In fact, the Government of Count Bethlen wishes just now to enact a police law, which will greatly multiply the causes for internment and invest the power of such action in the simplest police authorities. Count Apponyi, by no means a Liberal, said: "If this project becomes a law, I shall feel myself to be a prisoner on temporary release."

The speech of Deputy Esztergályos, which we print below in abridged but literal translation, was delivered on January 10 before the Hungarian Parliament.

I was in Zalaegerszeg, without preliminary announcement, and I can state that the conditions in this place are much more horrible, much more monstrous than Deputy Hebelt lately described. I should be glad, therefore, if the Government would send a committee of its members to Zalaegerszeg, for unless they suppress their human emotions they must concede that the camp of Zalaegerszeg is a disgrace to the country. The conditions in the camp are beyond imagination. The prisoners are so hungry that they eat even dog flesh.

The camp itself was a prisoner's camp during the war, where Russian and other captives were interned. Since no one could foresee that the war would last four years the barracks were built of loosely fastened thin boards and planks. These barracks are now used for the purpose of internment. I visited the camp on December 21. It was appalling to see the half-naked people dragging their frozen bodies along. The first impression the visitor receives is that within the wire fence large crowds lounge around almost naked, without shirts and linen. On this frosty winter day the people walked about in rags—in trousers, the legs of which were tied with strings to their body. They shamble about crying for a little bread.

Raging Maniacs and Tuberculars Together

In the hospital, instead of absolute cleanliness, people rot in rags. They have not the faintest idea of a bed-sheet, a pillow, or of washing. The hospital is the filthiest, most loathsome place in the camp. Tuberculars in the last stages of their disease are in these barracks. Among these invalids are placed raging maniacs, their naked bodies bound with straps to iron beds. Their legs and arms are tied. There is no cloth on them; the other invalids sometimes throw a few rags upon them. One of the maniacs when we entered the place with the commander of the camp furiously roared at us: "Murderers, murderers, you came to murder again! Murder—that's all you know! Let me, let me live!"

Another cried in the same way: "Here you are again, murderers who slaughtered my father and mother! Don't torture me more!"

Gustav Szomjas (Government Party): "Who cares about what a madman cries?"

Edward Hebelt: "But they became mad in the camp!"

Esztergályos (continuing): A third maniac, who was not bound and was almost totally naked, rushed toward us into the center of the room and cried: "Give me back my mother, you murderers, you who killed my poor mother!"

There was a man in the room who was struck so violently on the nape of his neck that he lost his ability to speak.

I beg the Minister of the Interior to release at least those who are in their last hours. I beg him to remove to another hospital at least the raging maniacs, Franz Dobler, Benjamin Hirsch, Dezsö Binét, Sándor Fleischhacker.

In this camp of over 770 people there is but one physician who, moreover, being the chief physician of the town hospital, appears only in the evening and then attends first to the guard. In his absence an interned druggist does all the bandagings. I don't find any expressions to describe these bandagings. He takes the bandage from the wound of one invalid and uses it again for the wounds of another.

Some of the prisoners are base enough to betray the others. A former gendarme, Julius Mak, plays the chief role in this. He provokes outbursts from the new inmates and then gives his reports to the commander, Major Colonel Proch. One of them writes me that "the commander ordered 6,000 days of private-cell punishment during the last year and a half. In the cemetery of the prisoners there are twenty-five graves—their occupants all victims of the terrorists of Officer Baksa. Many of us are near the grave, too. We ask help."

Michael Marek, a man of 31, was mentally weak, an idiot. This man once saw that the dogs of an officer, who get regular warm food, were gnawing some bones which still had some meat on them. This poor fellow went to the kennel, put his hand between the rails, and took a bone from the dogs.

The two dogs did not hurt the idiot but the aforementioned Julius Mak noticed it and with another man fell upon the poor idiot and kicked him with his nailed boots so brutally that he was obliged to go to the hospital, where he died two days later.

Another prisoner, Michael Flórik, once noticed that one of his comrades received some packages from the outside. Desperately hungry, he got up one night and opened one of the packages. He was caught and some of the prisoners beat him. The following morning the same gendarme seized him and kicked and beat him until he lost consciousness. The third day he was found dead in his bed.

All of the twenty-five graves of the cemetery hide such stories.

Stephen Farkas: "They can govern only with terror!"

Lános Vanczák: "The Hungarian nation detests the camp of Zalaegerszeg and those who erected it!"

Children and Child-Bearing Women in the Filth

Esztergályos (continuing): Among the women are many who come pregnant into the camp. These unfortunates are compelled to spend the most crucial period of their motherhood in these filthy, ice-cold barracks. For the last days they are lodged in the town hospital. Their children who are interned with them remain under the care of other good-hearted prisoners. One woman while in the town hospital asked the chief physician how were her two little children left in the barracks. The physician answered: "What do you care for them? Your heart is broken down, it hangs on the lung and you will die in a few days."

The hunger of the prisoners is such that they eat even dog meat. One Kozarek and another one night killed one of the dogs of an officer and the following day—while the others were at work—made a goulash from it. In the evening when all returned they divided it among one another. All living in the barracks got a half dish of the dog goulash. The following day Kozarek and his fellow-prisoners were sentenced to exceptionally hard labor.

Deputy Esztergályos then read a list of names of people who have been interned from thirty to thirty-six months without any preliminary trials or who were found innocent even by the courts of the regime. Among others he mentioned the names of Emilia Radits, Helena Szabó, Andrew Havanek, Lajos Strasser, János Szilágyi, Sándor Bottlik, Michael Géczy, Mrs. Géza Weiler, Ferenc Bársony, Antal Zubovics, Eugene Nagy, Franz Korsós, János Boracsek, Michael Kovács, and others. The two little children of Joseph Boór have been there thirty-three months with their father.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED